



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



38.

325.



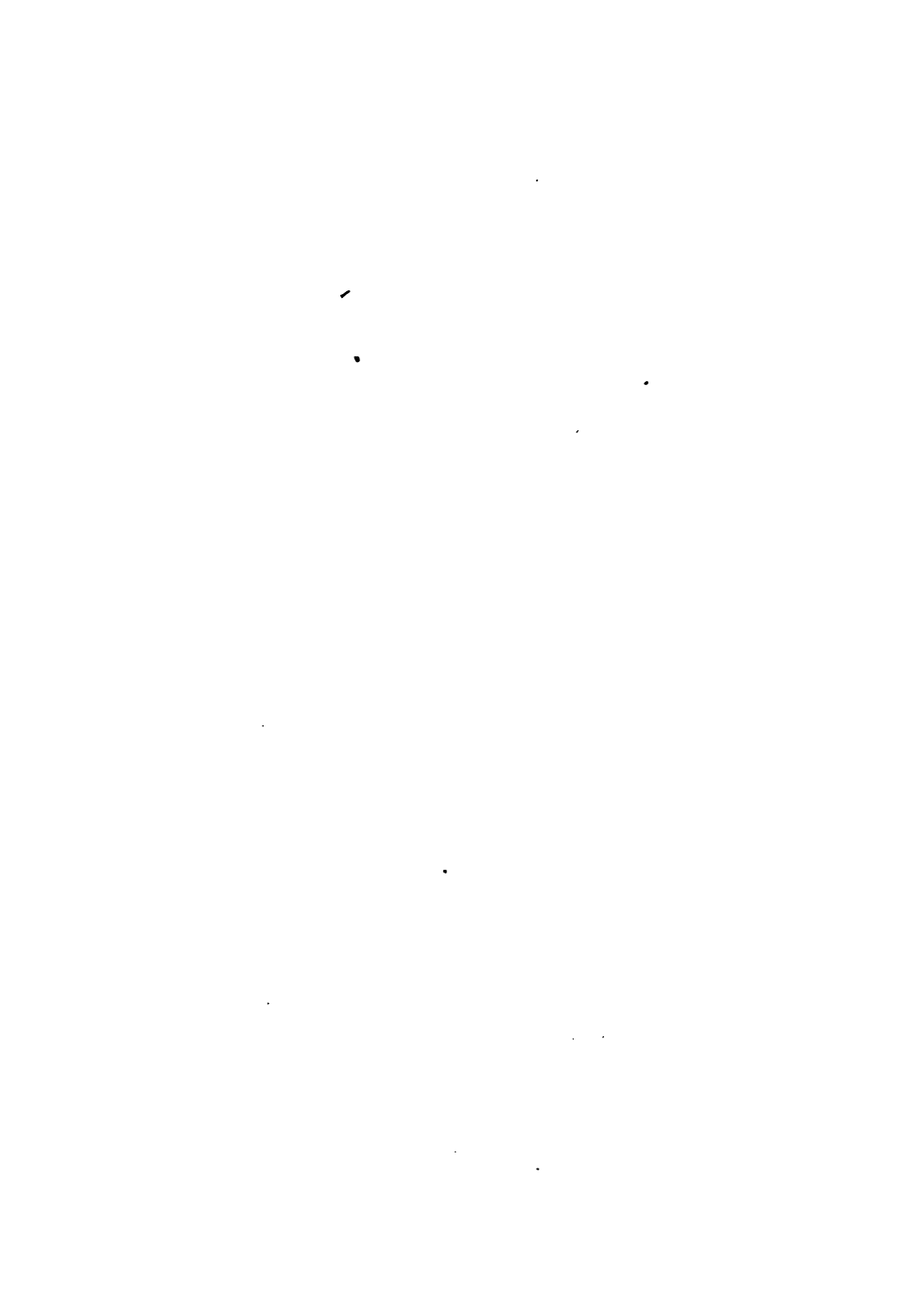


1

38.

325.





THOUGHTS
IN
PAST YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of
be alway acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my
and my Redeemer. *Psaln xix. 14, 15.*

OXFORD,
JOHN HENRY PARKER;
J. G. AND F. RIVINGTON, LONDON.
1838.

325.

BAXTER, PRINTER, OXFORD.

CONTENTS.

The Golden Hall

Dedication	.	.	.
The Vale in Adversity	.	.	.
The Deaf and Dumb Boy	.	.	.
Sweet Dweller of the Valleys	.	.	.
The Solitary	.	.	.
The Brook	.	.	.
The same	.	.	.
Heed not a world	.	.	.
The good, they drop around us	.	.	.
Poverty	.	.	.
Affluence	.	.	.
Consumption	.	.	.
The same	.	.	.
Oh, talk not of her eye's ethereal blue	.	.	.
Angels of peace be o'er you	.	.	.
I stood between the dying and the dead	.	.	.
His spirit hath gone forth to regions bright	.	.	.
How beautiful the host	.	.	.
These are but gleams	.	.	.

National Apprehensions	80
Friends abroad	81
Domestic Trials	82
Hoping against Hope	83
Partial Affections	84
The true Friend	85
The Secret of Cheerfulness	86
The False Light	87
Return of Spring	88
The Complaint	89
Religious Emotions	90
Reproof	91
St. Paul	92
O cruel Charity	93
Christian Reserve	94
The same	95
The Divine Presence	96
Buoy thou us up	97
The true Patriot	98
The Unsheathing of the Sword	99
The Ancient and Modern Town	100
Oh for the rod of ancient discipline!	101
Neglect of Fast Days	102
The same	103
The same	104
The same	105
The Church's Lament for neglected Fast Days	106
The Irresolute Churchman's Answer	107
Thoughts of Death	108
Parting	109

CONTENTS.

The Mountain Home.

and Night strange sentinels on Time's wat				
fountain Stream
ghts of Home
ea and Mountains at Night
lar Thoughts in Rhyme
nd Death
Vitness to all Nations
gment on the death of Eve
of Gentleness
lections of Childhood
ss
ery
lation
ie
till Night
ess
to the Sea
vening Scene
ssions of a little Girl
tell to the Waterfall
ting
ng Bells
ning
of the Bishop of Moray
ereaved Church in Scotland
avid's
ame

The River's Bank.

A Youthful Wish	197
The Banks in Summer	198
The Banks in Autumn	200
A November Scene	202
Absence	205
Thoughts against Weariness	207
The Analogy	209
The Presence of God	212
A Waking Thought	214
An Orphan Child	216
A Child two years old	217
The Cure for Regret	220
Heavenly Signs	222
Written in a Church Yard	226
When thou on bended knees thy soul dost pour	227
Self-denial	229
Christmas	231
The Penitent	232
Faith	234
Rejoicing in Hope	235
Lead us not into Temptation	236
Remorse alleviated	238
Illness of Absent Friends	240
The Retrospect	241
A Summer Evening	243
Another	244
The Omnipresent Friend	246

CONTENTS.

Evil out of Good	.	.	.
Holy Communion	.	.	.
Thoughts of Heaven	.	.	.
The Banks revisited	.	.	.

The Sacred City.

The Sacred City	.	.	.
The Church in England	.	.	.
Lift up thy voice, and cry aloud	.	.	.
Ecclesia Migratura	.	.	.
The Ark of Christ's Church	.	.	.
Fear and Love	.	.	.
Ideal Anticipations	.	.	.
Spring and Autumn	.	.	.
The Advent	.	.	.
O Vanity	.	.	.
Time	.	.	.
The Respite	.	.	.
Methought that there appear'd the Judg	.	.	.
Dies iræ, Dies illa	.	.	.
Mercy	.	.	.
The Complaint	.	.	.
There was one whom I made my stay	.	.	.
I would I had some lowly lot	.	.	.
The Approach of the Cholera	.	.	.
The Solitary Christmas	.	.	.
Discontent and the Solitary Pastor	.	.	.
The Hymns of Nature	.	.	.

The Spirit's Progress	329
Science and Revelation	333
A Summer's Night	337
The Nightingale at the Bridge	339
Long years have pass'd since we together met	343
If among lost mankind love is thus sweet . .	344
But see where Eve, riding on cloudy seas . .	345
The Voluntary	346
Amavit nos quoque Daphnis	347
The Natural and Spiritual Man	349
Wroxton Abbey	354
Written after the preceding	360
The Musical Box	362
Dreams	365
In Imitation of Lucretius	368
The Recognition of Ulysses	375
Sacrilege	376
The Coronation on a Fast-day of the Church	385
The days of the Royal Martyr	386
NOTES	387

ADVERTISI

The pieces contained i
been written at various
last twelve years. It h
convenient to arrange ther
ing to their dates, but t
the most part under a
place where they were s
The writer is fully aw
imperfections, which ha
arisen from the fact of
written rather to give v
feelings of his own mi
idea of publication. Ar
intention has been in his
no pains in endeavourin
but he has found the task
ever improvements he r
sense or rhyme had th

away so much from the freshness, and, consequently, from the genuineness of the first thought, that he has been induced again to adopt the former expression in most instances, and perhaps it would have been better if he had done so in all. With regard to the private or domestic nature of some of the subjects, it is a satisfaction to the Writer's own mind, that in all doubtful instances of the kind he is submitting to the judgment and wishes of others in making them public.

St. Luke's Day,
1838.

The Golden Valley.

The Golden Hall

I.

DEDICATION.

I ASK no fabled one of Castaly,
Who in some haunted cave doth
On phantoms, that 'tween ligh
breed :

Thou to all founts of good that
Thou that in breast of meek-eye
Dost build Thy temple, unto Th
Oh, let me from these vain high th
That unreprieved I may devote t
Whate'er of healing herb, or wee
By rural church, meek nook, or m
Thou giv'st to gather, far from r
Come with serener thoughts, a g
Freshening the weary spirit afte
Nor let the serpent Pride around I

II.

THE VALE IN ADVERSITY^a.

No mine of gold along the winding vale
Unfolds its glittering treasures to the moon;
No golden urn the beechen steep to crown;
But crouching from the dark December gale
Sits window'd Raggedness, and blows her nail
With empty wallet. Yet, if ought be known
Fruitful of golden thoughts in penury sown,
Thine urn may flow with gold and never fail;
A hidden well no wintry chains can marr.
E'en now if there some spirit's shadowy car
Were lingering, thou to him thy summer mirth,
And lovelier hues may'st wear; for toys of earth
Fortune may gild, but night to worlds afar
Openeth thine eye, and things of heav'nly birth.

^a The Golden Valley was mostly written about the year 1829, in a place of that name.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY

III.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY

'Neath yon straw cot below the sh
Where the slant sun-beam sleeps ;
Is one whose tongue and ear natu
With her to walk in sweetest solit
And oft a finger, in his pensive m
Is on the chord of his soul's harm
Waking meek thankfulness, when
Save spirits that are aye around tl
To him nor sings the summer nig
Nor thrush her wintry matin ; bu
Ne'er wakes to morn, nor sounds of
But he with upturn'd eye, and thou
Lowliness inexpressive, and deep
Holds commune with bright hope, and

IV.

Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

Sweet dweller of the valleys, with Heav'n's key
And mirror, wherein Wisdom aye doth look,
Where shall I build thy shrine, Humility?
Beside that lonely moor, the valley's nook,
And porch of rural Church, such as the book
Of memory glasseth ever; from on high
Where seen, with that calm footway tending nigh
Which with its many feet hath spann'd the brook,
A bridgeway rude, a stony centipede.
Where all is still around thee, lonely spot,
Save stilly heard o'er ever-waving weed,
And the meek eye of blue Forget-me-not,
The sound of waters, and, by ivy cot,
The red-breast chaunts at noon his wintry need.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY

V.

THE SOLITARY

More sweet to me the note of
That sits and sings to the autumn
Than all the bowers of Spring
 heave

The stirring ravishment. Oh,
Too high for this poor world,
The key of Sadness,—unions that
And meetings but to part. Still
A sable hue 'neath all she can
Or hath to lend. But sweet to
To him whom God hath hedged
 thrall

Of pensive solitude—a sacred
Bidding to lean on Him, and
Keeping calm watch o'er frail
And at the fountains drink of Love

VI.

THE BROOK.

Meek Brook, that from the haunts of men dost creep,
 Still ever and anon loving to steal
 To thine own sweet retirement, and reveal
 Unseen thy gentle bosom, calm and deep,
 Unto the azure Heavens, that fairer sleep
 Beneath thy tranquil mirror. 'Neath thy bower
 Ministering freshness to the little flower,
 And roots of grateful willow, taught to steep
 In thy sweet stream its summer canopy;
 Many regard thee not, but turn from thee
 To where the meeting waves rage beauteously,
 Where down wild steeps some silvery Naiad runs,
 Or watery Bacchanal sports in sylvan suns;
 Thou calm and deep art ever moving by.

THE GOLDEN VA

VII.

THE SAME.

Art stillly moving by the unsee
To thy bright ocean! Spirit ca
Thankful thy cross in tranquil
Meek soul, thy deeds are not u
Or tongues of men, that with t
But written in Heav'n's adamai
And walk with lowliness ; nor
Lost are thy tears, which door:
To fall in dews of blessing. N
Thou tend'st the lamp within ;
A light around thee thro' the c
And at thy side, when thou lay
Shall thy good Angel stand, wi
Faith's golden fruits and deeds

VIII.

Heed not a world that neither thee can keep,
Nor vestige of thee, whatsoe'er thy lot,
Of thee or thine, nor mark when thou art not.
No more ! engulph'd within the sounding deep !
Faint and more faint the billowy circles sweep,
And trembling own the shock, then 'tis forgot ;
The leaf's still image anchors on the spot ;
The wave is in its noon-day couch asleep.
We mark'd the eddying whirlpools close around
Where he hath been ; but who the path profound,
What thought can follow 'neath the watery floor,
'Mid sights of strangeness and untravell'd caves,
Ocean's wild deeps of ever-moving waves,
A boundless new horizon spreading round ?

THE GOLDEN VALLEY

IX.

The good—they drop around us,
Like stars when morning breaks ; till
Around us are they still in Heaven
Building their mansions in the purple
Of the Invisible : when round are
Shadows of sorrow, still serenely
To faith they gleam ; and blest be
That brings the o'er-arching Heaven
A mantle set with orbs unearthly
Alas ! to us they are not, though
Divinely dwell in memory ; while
Declining, bids us for the night prepare
That we, with urns of light, and censers
May stand with them in lot unchanged

X.

POVERTY.

Fear not, thy cruise of oil, it shall not cease ;
One greater than Elijah sitteth here,
Though Poverty's grim stare and iron fear
Hedgeth thee round. Thy cruise shall not decrease,
Nor barrel waste : the sun is then most near
When hid in winter ; and the bow of peace
Binds the dark cloud. For all to Him are dear—
The king who sits in golden palaces,
The bird that sings to winter's hoary tress :
He is all-Infinite ! greater and less
In Him are not ; but, as the helpless child
Doth to the yearning mother dearer prove,
Them to Himself He hath the nearest styled,
Who have on earth no blessing, but His love.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY

XI.

AFFLUENCE.

Lasarus is at the gate, *thou know'st it* ;
Or ah, too well I know thy heart w
Howbeit used on gentle thoughts to
But wall'd about with blessings is th
While dark winds prowl without, an
Nor ever dost thou see, nor hear, ne
Penury's stern family, from clouds
Cowering and huddling 'neath the
Thou know'st it not, thy Saviour is o
And thou may'st find Him in afflicti
By the lorn widow's side, and the c
Of earth-bow'd Eld, and clothe him
Oh, haste, for time is on the wing, &
Thou know'st it not, thy Judge is at

XII.

CONSUMPTION.

Her ways were ways of innocence and glee,
But pain is all her dower and stern disease,
While darkness shrouds the shore where sorrows
cease;

At Death's dim portal, wed with agony,
She sits, 'mid sights of fever'd phantasy;
While ever and anon Ocean's wild roar,
And that dark shadowy boat, is at the door;
And earth-born vapours veil that star on high,
That lights eternity: but yet to Heav'n,
At each calm interval to anguish giv'n,
She lifted her full eye, and thankful smile:
Meek soul, to sorrow reconcil'd, awhile,
And each dark hour, with thorns of sorrow strewn,
Shall add a gem to thine eternal crown.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XIII.

THE SAME.

It was a bud upon a cottage door
" That hung its head in dying languish
Pensively drooping, nor in glass-roof'd
E'er blossom'd ought more fair. A ble
From out the House of Pain, that built
And made its lodging in her bosom's c
To suffer is our dowry, but the more
Touch not the pining chord of discont
In the great anthem, till the mighty sc
Of mystery all the vision doth unroll.
And what tho' dark the gate, and gloom
The vestibule of immortality?
Pass on—e'en now shall burst upon thy
The temple of Eternal Deity!

XIV.

Oh, talk not of her eye's ethereal blue,
Instinct with soul and the heart's eloquence,
The spirit's music thro' the veil of sense,
So languishingly fair! ah, it is true
There was a nameless sweetness 'neath that hue
Where on her cheek the rose so smilingly
O'er the envious lily sat in mastery;
And that strange worldly gentleness that threw
A spell around her: such are hues of gold
That paint the unsightly cloud, for what are these,
If wed with unbaptized vanities,
To those meek ornaments that grow not old,
Which are to God and His good angels dear,
And might win them on thee to minister?

THE GOLDEN V.

XV.

Angels of peace be o'er you, a
That dips her wing in the am
Which heals life's sorrows, ev
Haunting your silent path-wa
Such as may spring on earth :
Spirits affectionate, safe may y
In Hope and Faith's heav'n-cl
There are sustaining and sust
A crown of beauty, tho' they c
Sweet honey-suckle, she in so
With clustering tubes of sweet
Steals up unseen, then from h
Looks forth, and smiles; the eln
Is wondering at a sweetness n

XVI.

“ The heart knoweth his own bitterness.”

I stood between the dying and the dead,
The clock still told the minutes, and for spring
A housed flower prepared its blossoming;
Without were busy sounds, of gladness bred,
Creation's hum, Childhood's light voice and tread;
And heard at interval o'er muttering reel,
And muffled undersounds of thundering wheel,
The anvil musical. As torch-gleams shed
On ebony more deeply shew within
The bed of darkness, came that jocund din.
We creep 'mid creeping things and then are not;
That heaven-born thing within, its mighty lot
Glassing in shadows, heavenward strives, and then
Bursting the gilded bubble—is forgot.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XVII.

“ But the righteous hath hope in his
spirit hath gone forth to regions
o’er his hoary head, serenely
dly linger’d a smile, then sunk in
en day hath gone, thus on the snow
the white Alpine monarch, sun-be
eathing a roseate diadem of light,
n like some star upon the crystal
rious abiding. On lake Leman’s
one in stedfast gaze, with pensive
ly suspended, till night’s sabler dr
scending, veils the solemn loveliness
unge hour of holy thought, when t
ms half-unbarr’d, and where n
oppress,
kly disclosed gleams the eternal sl

XVIII.

“ He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.”

How beautiful the host of darkness born,
That walk the Heavens, and golden sentry keep
Around the cloud-roof'd hall where mortals sleep!
How beautiful the veil by evening worn!
How beautiful the rosy-mantled morn!
And ether blue her crystal robes between ;
And echo in her moon-lit cave unseen,
Mocking from far the torrent's voice forlorn!
And, oh, more beautiful than shadowy light
By evening won, or morning's rosy hue,
More beautiful than echo heard at night,
The deep blue eye where spirit sits enthron'd!
As, 'tween her crystal robes, when ether blue
Appearing tells of something deep beyond.

XIX.

“ Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever.”

These are but gleams that from the palace break
Of Him, whose Name is Wonderful, that bring
Glad tidings, we are still beneath His wing ;
In Nature's beauteous temple lurks the snake,
And darker gleams in Nature's crystal lake .
Fall'n man's deformity, whose heart doth fling
O'er earth and Heav'n its dark o'ershadowing.
That torrent's voice of desolation spake,
Night's raven crew, and shades of darkness crowd
On Eve's bright skirts, Morn's mantle veils the cloud ;
And wan Decay, 'neath light of beauty's eye,
In mockery sits, and builds her silent shroud.
And is this all that bids us cling to thee,
Poor widow'd wreck of fall'n humanity?

XX.

THE TARES AND THE WHEAT.

Children of Cain and Abel, blended flock !
No more, ye sons of Heav'n, ye sit alone,
A spot of sunshine o'er the mountains thrown,
'Mid a dark world. Thus where the echoes mock
The Arve's deep sounding step with rended rock,
And tawny host of waters, hurrying down
Breathless to battle: far the indignant Rhone
Bridles his horned front from the rude shock,
And deeply rolls in walls of crystal pent,
And uncommingling majesty along,
Nor from their ranks his troops of sapphire break ;
But soon that watery king, his isles among,
With miry crown, and robes all rudely rent,
Sits mourning, wash'd in vain in Leman's lake.

XXI.

“ Let both grow together until

Children of Cain and Abel, in one
Day and Night, blending on one
As 'neath the Arctic, where, in
The midnight Sun lowers on the
Contending with the Moon ; o'er
Twilight doth of the strife the b
Dread scene, where the good Sh
Seeketh His own amid the storn
All sit beneath the canopy of wr
All 'neath the cloud, which o'er
Shall ope in thunder ; tho' the C
Lightens the gathering gloom :
The brand is now no more, but
And He who reads the heart alo

XXII.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

It was a voice from where, all drear and dun,
They dwell so sweetly 'neath the canopy
Of aye enduring smoke, save when the Sun
Hath climb'd behind Heav'n's cloud-hung tapestry,
And from his Alp of clouds looks gloomily
With big red orb : it was a voice that told
Of angular-visag'd crowds seeking for gold,
And the vex'd usurer's brow all-hurrying by,
And Pleasure's gilded mask, making night day,
Warring with nature. Yes, and they are there,
Children of Duty, who, from noisy care
And late-earn'd slumber, steal in thought to stray
O'er some rude spot hem'd in by mountains rude,
And drink fresh thoughts from nature's solitude.

THE GOLDEN VAL

XXIII.

THE SAME.

Yes, those are there nor wealth
But Duty sternly binds, curbing
Sternly—then softly—and then
They find the chain o'er their af
All gold, and leading to a golden
Generous and noble spirits, envy
Me pensive and the peaceful val
E'en now for Duty's rod your so
Love's Sibyl wand, which sways
And spirits of Heav'n. She, wh
Of red Destruction rends yon gr
And charnel of corruption, she, a
Shall lead to where the Eternal (
And your free souls shall breathe

XXIV.

THE BROTHERS.

My brother ! one long-cherish'd thought hath been
At my heart's fountain, that we might have trod,
Link'd in one destiny, along life's road,
E'en as in heart ; sweet fellowship ! but 'tween
Our shadowings and their ends doth intervene
One that doth love us, shaping all for good.
His hand around me in my solitude
In syllables of mercy, have I seen
Visibly character'd. I read and bless
The high behest with heart-felt thankfulness.
My brother ! there is that which sweet to me
Whispereth, if I attain that heavenly shore,
That I shall be with thee, nor seas no more,
Nor mountains part us everlastingly.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XXV.

THE SAME.

nce that I have arm'd my heart
at my heart held dear ; methink
the spirit's golden panoply,
strange heedlessness my soul
ght of earth's betiding. Heaven
the birds sing as they were w
heart's holiday ; but this world
rosses and the gladdenings it ma
are to me, as to some cabin boy,
earns for home, the wild winds
lamorous shrouds sing their de
so that I tack me to the gale ;
nward to the haven I would be,
reath of the Eternal fill the sail.

XXVI.

ABSENCE.

On the dark trees the glancing moonlight lies,
A Cross is gleaming in the silver calm,
Shedding o'er hearts found meet a holier balm.
Night's viewless piper, in the casement plies
His busy task, into wild melodies,
Moulding the air, now like the whispering palm,
Moved by the wind, now mounting to a Psalm
Of solemn and strange sound the music dies.
And thou that holy Cross shalt see again,
And hear those melodies made through the ears
Of silence. What is this that makes me sad?
My brother, thoughts of thee should make me glad,
Not sorrowful—I know not how—but when
I think of thee my eye is wet with tears.

XXVII.

DISCONTENTED THOUGHTS.

Give me not what I ask, but what is good,
Merciful Saviour, unto Thee I look,
Oh, teach me these repining thoughts to brook.
I know I were not happier, tho' endued
With all on which my unbridled longings brood ;
For joy to me hath ever been a gale,
Which, like some demon filling the glad sail,
Wanton'd awhile on summer seas, and woo'd
To tempt o'er hidden shoals. Make me Thine own,
And take me: of myself I am afraid,
Oh, take me from myself ; oh, take away
Whate'er of self is in me, and, I pray,
Give me on what my spirit may be stayed,
And that I know full well is but Thyself alone.

XXVIII.

Pity hath deeply touched thee, do not weep,
For there is One doth love her with such love
That man ne'er dream'd of, wheresoe'er she move
Mysteriously around her ; 'tis a deep
Man hath no thought to fathom ; 'neath this sleep
This curtain'd sleep of sense, we dimly rove,
And, knowing, know not that all fostering Dove,
That ocean of His goodness, as the sweep
Of air around the path and in the breast,
As light around the blind man, tho' unknown:
E'en now more close His arms are round her thrown,
Leading her gently onward to His rest,
And in her languid eye, and failing breath,
Hath kindled a sweet light that smiles at death.

XXIX.

Would that my hands were wa
That I unblamed could lift the
My own, own sister ! good 'tw
Upon the clouds that wrap thy
Rainbows of promise : we shou
Sweet thoughts, and listen till
Of ministering angels come to
Let us in silence sit ; the calm
Of better things shall lift a qui
And open on us like an evening
With its blue haven in a sea of
Speaking a better morn ; if th
In sober awe to wait the openi
Of night, which brings to view

XXX.

RESOLUTION.

To love thee were to love the meek and good ;
But if so, why these thoughts importunate
Come'tween my soul and Heaven? earliest and late,
What are these images that thus obtrude,
And bear my prayers, on wandering wings so rude,
Away from Discipline, that sweetest mate
Of all that's patient, peaceful, pure? O state
Full of disastrous shoals, and dangers-strew'd,
That every gale should bear us thus afar
From our true haven, and our guiding star.
If our affections be not fixed above,
We wrong our God, ourselves, and those we love;
Then take each idol from me, leave me free,
That I may nothing love but what I love in Thee.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XXXI.

RESIGNATION.

It is ~~is~~ enough a little, friend most dear,
After long interval and far between ;
It is enough a little to have seen,
And have been with thee, thence the wear
Like a fresh wreath, doth the remembrance
For longer absence which must intervene,
And longer solitude. Spots fresh and green
Whose breath doth long with recollection
And cheer with hope, with hope which thou
won

New thoughts,—more gladly on my race
That we may surer meet to part no more,
With Him who was to them of Bethany
As more than Brother : to His feet may flow
The o'er-flowing heart, and silent there ad

XXXII.

THE FELLOW-LABOURERS.

My little mole, two callings have we two,
One master : where old earth is hardest bound,
And shrub stretching his limbs with much ado,
There art thou, with thy mattock, and thy hoe,
And many finger'd shovel ; yet no sound
Speaks of thy whereabouts, nor heard nor found
Save in thy mountain monuments ; kind to you,
Should we be, fellow-labourers of the ground.
My little miner with the velvet coat,
We are 'mid things we deem not, did'st e'er note
Blue sky, and flower, and field, or the sweet throat
Of birds around thee ? to our work again,
Round us too tents are spread unseen by men,
And companies too bright for human ken.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XXXIII.

THE LITTLE MARINER.

I'd the caddis^b, from his slimy h
ing, on his little ocean wheel,
ise his straw canoe, on pebble h
llast: 'mid spring flowers, and
n'd himself, a joyous mariner.
ew of ought beyond his oaten r
stery world; but airy cars soon
y destinies, creation's heir,
lvan colonnades on silken wing.
re these aspirations, 'neath the l
mortality, that coil and swell,
s resolve, and high imagining,
ns of a spring hour, but wings
;through the dark shroudswherei

may-fly, which is bred of the caddis." f

XXXIV.

AUTUMNAL SEED-VESSELS.

Beautiful urns, that neither spun nor sowed,
Bearing your laden vessels to Heaven's eye,
Like manhood goodly deeds; 'neath Autumn's sky
Dropping your purple youth, and glittering hood.
What sunbeams build you in your quietude,
So far beyond art's labour'd mimicry,
Each varied, each their wild variety,
In union blend, a sylvan sisterhood!
The hand that spann'd and painted yon blue dome,
Is in the autumnal urn and vernal bell,
Shrining strange beauty in a flow'ret's cell.
Oh, how much more, flower of immortal bloom,
Within thee, and around thee, doth He dwell,
Tempering that shadowy world whose keystone is
the tomb!

THE GOLDEN VALL

XXXV.

THE INNER WORL

We bear a world about us—aye on
And with us, and to which this sk
This strange material ball, is but a
Of walking shadows ; with us dot
The undying spirit's world invisib
Still travelling onward, onward tra
Its own horizon round it gathering
It climbs the stair to Heaven's hig
It hath its clouds, it hath its dews
It hath its moon and darkness : a
Mounting to join the chain of harr
Around the sun that lights eternit
Or breaks away, self piloted, self l
To death and darkness—all its sai

XXXVI.

THE BIRTH.

Yes, thou art launch'd on the great sea of being ;
Nor ought of things that are, or things to be,
Can wrest thy birth-right,—Immortality!
Onward, and ever onward, shalt thou fling
Eternity around thee, feeble thing,
Nor comet's course, nor rolling century,
Number thine years! The earth shall fold her wing,
And make her nest in darkness ; from the sky
Shall pass away yon fiery sentinel,
And she, thy childhood's monthly chronicler ;
When from this womb of nature thou shalt climb
The mighty stair of being, borne sublime
The stars among, thyself a glorious star ;
Or like a smouldering brand in ruin dwell.

XXXVII.

THE BAPTISM.

How strange and sweet the wakening of the Spring
From Winter's mantling cowl, with ice-drops hung
And darkness ; or, from couch of Twilight sprung,
Morn putting on her wild apparelling !
How strange and sweet the unfolding of thy wing,
Ethereal stranger, when around thee flung
The mystery of being, wild and young,
Thro' swaddling of Hope's dark imagining,
Thou break'st thine icy fetters, and to sense
Awakening, day by day, from dawning eye
Lookest around thee. 'Tis a dark rough sea,
But there is One hath made a bark for thee,
And sitteth at the helm, to guide thee hence,
Unto a shore where all is innocence.

XXXVIII.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

Bird upon branch, housed 'neath a folded wing;
Snowdrop, which seems its mantling cowl to dip
In slumber ; butterfly on flowery tip
Couch'd, on child's lap some woodland fosterling;—
None fair as thee, sweet baby slumbering,
With clasped hand and finger on thy lip ;
Yet nought hast thou that sleep should fear let slip,
And watch the ruby door : meek, tranquil thing,
Would that thy mother's pillow were as calm,
Beside thee ; her e'en Sleep doth sternly rock,
And rudely o'er her shakes his rod of balm.
Haply the more, angels, who break the shock
Of suffering, may around her sleeping flock,
And lay on waking lip some soothing Psalm.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XXXIX.

THE INFANT'S DEATH.

It is so ; thou again more truly born
Hast burst the bars unsullied, from th
Of earthly things, loosing thine angel
Wet with baptismal dews, and in new
Art singing : we thine earthly robe, fi
See on the ground and weep,—in this
Of thy sweet ways too mindful ; whil
O'er us unbidden creeps, too feebly be
Beyond the veil to take with thee our
And joy in thy home gladness. Stead
May both our hearts and hands to wh
By earth less weighed, be lifted. Ha
Where angels gladden at man's better
Hearest our prayers, and hearing dost

XL.

THE MOTHER.

'Mid sounds of Morn that gentle voice is not,
But in his mother's heart its echo dwells,
In her dark spirit's silent citadels
His image sits alone. Man's varied lot
Of ills were prowling round his cradle cot;
But the all-pitying One hath snatched him hence,
To shield from harm his guileless innocence,
In His own sheltering breast. Morn hath forgot
Her looks of love; and 'mid the sounds of Even
That gentle voice is not: dun hues of care
Come on, and liveries of wintry Heaven.
He on his little orb sits smilingly,
And sings, and sighs that all on earth so dear,
Were but as happy and as safe as he^c.

^c This last thought is, I think, from Bp. Taylor.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XLI.

TO A LOST CHILD.

Can we still love thee on this poor, bad
And love thou bear'st to us decay in H
It cannot be : when once the sky was
And One from thence in our sad world
His was a love, which, in the very dea
Of all celestial gentleness, was driv'n
By angry blasts, that His dear life was
To sweeten our bad air, till in His wor
Our vileness was forgotten ; and He cl
Innocent children such as thee to be
Most like Himself, whose angels might
Nearest His face in Heav'n ; then whil
We pine on this bad earth, and love st
Surely thy love in Heav'n thou dost ne

XLII.

BEREAVEMENT.

And blest are they—although the heart new-riv'n
By the keen stroke of suffering, unreliev'd,
Turns to its wonted stay, and is bereav'd,—
Yet blest are they below, to whom 'tis given,
The dearest pledge which they from Heaven receiv'd,
Fresh in baptismal drops, to yield to Heaven,
Ere soil'd by thoughts of crime, or sin deceiv'd,
Or knowing evil. Thus to be forgiv'n,
And die, this is the best we know on earth :
It is not death to toil in failing breath
And go away ; but in this world beneath,
To wander on from sin to sin, in dearth
Of all true peace, still travelling from our birth,
Further from God and Heav'n—this, this is death.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XLIII.

CONSOLATION.

But the faint soul must bear up its own
And pitying love and kind officiousness
Cannot assuage, nor make the burden less.
Probing the unbarbed spirit, that too late
Its overstrained pinion doth abate,
And from each gale, unstrung and motior
Catcheth a tone of deeper loneliness,
And desolation makes more desolate.
Then darkly gleams the mighty mystery,
That He who bore our sorrows, yea, that
Alone, the soul can bear, the spirit fill,
Fleeing from the dark phantom of unrest
Into the arms of mercy, calmly blest,
"Do with me what Thou wilt, I will lie .

XLIV.

THE SEPTEMBER NOON.

Far o'er the aerial roof dark curtains crowd,
The groves in greener freshness, far and near,
Like souls with sorrow stricken, lovelier wear
The darkness, 'neath the dank and watery shroud,
Save here askance and there, on ruin'd wall,
Or knotted trunk grotesque, stray gleamings fall,
And stilly heard, from out the neighbouring wood,
The lonely bird singing to solitude,
Singing of silvery lights with Autumn blending,
And rays that cheer the Winter ; naught to wake
The trees all motionless on leaden lake !
Then the arch'd Heav'ns came down in shades
 descending,
And all was twilight, save, beyond the gloom,
A yellow gleam slumbering upon a tomb.

XLV.

THE OCTOBER NIGHT.

The winds are up in their wild bacchanal,
And rout to-night ; now hush'd the airy throng,
And stilly sounds the solemn undersong,
More deeply labouring with the imprison'd gale,
Like distant ocean. Wast a spirit's wail
That woke that chord so wild, so mournfully,
Or was it Winter's herald that rode by,
Bearing the last leaf from the widowed vale?
Now, crash on crash, innocent mimicry
Of elements in arms, and thunderous war,
The Genius of the wood on sounding car!
Now their deep bass the Eolian anthems ply ;
Still nought I see, save white-troop'd clouds on high,
And steps of the pale moon in groves afar.

XLVI.

THE THUNDER STORM.

More and more near the iron chariots bound,
Falling and falling from the clouds; anon,
As from Heav'n's door the water-floods came down,
His howling horn the hurricano wound
To the lorn night. O Thou, in calm profound,
Who in us and about us hast Thy throne,
Pity the houseless traveller, dark and lone,
While the fork'd flash leaves tenfold night around.
Pity the seaman in an hour so rude,
Who, toss'd on the wave's neck to Heav'n's dark hall
From th' yawning Erebus, thinks of his cot,
And bright fire-side. Pity him most of all,
Who in the nook of housed quietude
Hears the big chainless winds, and thanks Thee not.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

XLVII.

THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

Calm and still hour, how coldly beau
Above—the Moon in the most dark s
With all her stars; below—one varie
Of wild resplendency, gentle as wool
Or kingly ermine; storied pine-trees,
Loaded with hanging beauty, towers
Erewhile, now snowy pyramids are s
With stars that peep between. Natu
Dropping the shadow-like and noisel
Of shelter, on the night and wintry h
Making them lovely! 'Tis the same
Sorrow's keen edge, and builds for si
A snow-embower'd and hoary hermit
The covering of an unseen holy Powe

XLVIII.

THE EVENING AFTER A SNOW-STORM.

The wind and snow, which on the hedge-row clings,
Have been at play, and shapes of beauteous mould,
Their tricks of vagrant fantasy unfold ;
Haply in semblance of celestial things.
Where now the Sun his parting lustre flings,
Careful to spare, innocuous and cold ;
He sees below all silvery pure, and brings
The skies in gentle rivalry to gold,
Staining the clouds that tend his ev'ning bow'r.
O Lord, if thus so marvellously fair,
The things Thou doest for one passing hour,
So delicately gentle, soft, and pure,
Then what must be those scenes which shall endure,
And those Thy mansions which eternal are ?

THE GOLDEN VAL

XLIX.

THE SAME.

Thus wonderfully fashion'd, soft
Whatever takes the impress of T
All things to Thee are yielding :
Obediently Thy summons they f
And take the forms of Thy creat
Whether the Wind is loud at Th
Or the dread Lightnings travers
They bear Thy gentle rein. W
Passions of men are fierce and tu
They but perform Thy good and
Knowing it not. Whether in ver
Thou walkest forth, or the loud-
Makest Thy chariot, when Thou
Thy mantle's skirts are seen in fa

L.

THE SEASONS ^d.

The trees stand patiently in wintry mood,
Death's shadow, their lost glories round them thrown,
And with dank creaking arms, and leafless crown,
Bow to the moaning spirit of the wood.
Thus through this strange and mute vicissitude,
Summer and Winter, Day and Night, at length
They gather storied height, beauty and strength,
Green comeliness and glory. What, though strew'd
Our path with joys decayed, no gleam above
Upon our sorrow's winter! Blessed Lord,
'Tis thus through joy and woe, Time's varied scroll,
Bright beams, and the withholdings of Thy love,
Thou buildest up Thy children, till the soul
Gather the stature of Thy living Word.

^d This thought is from Mr. James Bonnel.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

LI.

NATURE AND GRACE.

From the Unseen's abode there have g
Two voices ; one all nature heaves, th
Of mortal throes, and death-cries deep
Of lorn Creation ; earthquakes, which
In fabled Acheron ; Ocean's dread mi
Shaking his sides to Heav'n ; Heav'n'
shroud,

Blasting and burst, bellowing from clo
Dark auguries in terror walking earth
The other, Heav'n-reveal'd, doth bear
The mighty key of Love : when sable
Of Nature, and the shades of Night o
Through the low wicket-gate are dim
Rivers of bliss, gardens of pleasantnes
And bowers all tranquil as the summe

LII.

A dream was o'er me, when there did alight,
A pall-like darkness on the summer Noon,
And through it look'd the stars, deeming it night,
And then it pass'd : still, with its silent Moon,
This scene of Day and Night roll'd calmly on,
Thus beautiful in ruin, moving bright,
And beating step to Time's deep orison,
Still varying, still returning. Lord of Might,
Who round Thy secret place rollest dark Time,
And wheel'st of things this order'd harmony,
Lulling our senses to the even chime
Of ever-moving Wonder, dim we see,
And hear not, borne amid the chaunt sublime,
And cloud of all-involving Deity !

.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

LIII.

EVENING.

Thou beneath Thy footstool thron'd
at see this world's last Evening, e'er
, like yon sun, behind Eternity
own, and stars come forth to shine fi
art around us in empyreal gleam,
ve in darkness walk, so dread the sk
ory which enshrouds us, like a drea
erious magnificence, we seem
ling on skirts of other worlds! how
y and night this silent interchange,
intertwining death with life; dark
halls by Fancy lit, and the wild de
adowy worlds of which she holds th
y the torch of fitful fantasy.

LIV.

THE COMET.

O thou far thron'd on thine ethereal tent;
That on thy fiery ottoman sublime,
Sitt'st mocking at the thing that men call 'Time;
Thee have I watch'd, thou crested visitant,
Sitting upon the golden firmament,
Awful in beauty, till I seem'd like thee,
A being of the elements, all fearfully
Looking from out Heaven's crystal battlement,
Of passing worlds the mighty chronicler.
And thou again, thou strange and shadowy guest,
May'st look upon this world; the gale may spring
From out his odorous cove; the lark may sing
Again his vernal matin; but oh, where
Shall he be who now gazes on thy crest?

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

LV.

Methought there was around me a str
And Earth and Time were not: metho
At feet of One to whom I durst not lo
I seem'd as one from a wild infinite
Of multitudinous waters, and dim night
Scarce saved; nor dares the pitying ey
Of Day that walksthe Heavens; such dee
My whole of being. Still from some d
That all strange hurrying by is on my
Of things I saw not, and I knew not h
Deeply wailing! Where am I? still I
Deep to deep calling afar! O Thou
That hast redeem'd me from the howlin
What have I done? Thy garments are

LVI.

There is a wound within me, 'tis a wound
That lies too deep for tears, and many awhile,
When all that is around me seems to smile,
Within my heart of hearts a knell doth sound,
Not of this world ; a cloud dark and profound
Is o'er me, and though brighter thoughts beguile,
And, like the Sun behind a cloudy pile,
Bright gleams from One beyond that cloud have
bound,
Yet 'tis a cloud, for I have pierced deep
The side of One that must be All in All.
In this dread calm, if unto Thee I call,
'Tis not that Thou my wounded soul would'st steep
With ought of gladness ; but that I through Thee,
May daily put me on more deep humility.

THE GOLDEN VAL

LVII.

Oh, I have done those things that
And my whole heart is sick. My
The talents Thou hast given me
And I have nought to pay Thee,
Oh, Thou that hast awaken'd, call
Bind up my wounds ! Thou who
The wounded and the captive, ne
From him that called Thee, hear
Oh, wash me in Thy blood, the
Didst cleanse ; Health of the maim
Thou that didst wake the dead, bu
Low at Thy feet I throw me, an
Thou spurnest none that seek Th
Is sick with sorrow, and I can b

LVIII.

“ If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness !”

I have been straying in the paths of Night,
Until the lamp within, lit from the urn
Of the Eternal One, did dimly burn,
And darkly, while methought I walk'd in light ;
Until a gleam from some serener height,
Came down, and shew'd the while in me did dwell
All hideous forms, and darkness visible ;
Feigning that eye of pureness infinite,
Such as myself, while Feeling held the room
Of Holiness. O Light and sacred Fear,
Shew me unto myself, and reillumine
My darken'd spirit, that, more calm and clear,
Conscience may shake her from the gath'ring gloom,
And fill her urn with light ere Thou be here.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

LIX.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Still dost Thou, day and night, silent abide
Hanging upon the tree ; and there in vain
Pleading Thy bleeding hands and wound
With upturn'd eye of agony, while pain
Rendeth each tender heart-string. Yet r
Pride in my heart and foolishness, preside
O'er me at morn, with me at even-tide
Sinking to rest. Oh, o'er my spirit reign
Teach me each day to bear my cross with
And when Night's curtains close, be ever
Be Thou my pilot through Night's cloudy
Be Thou the silent chariot's charioteer^e !
And when I sink upon the couch of death
May I within Thine arms resign my brea

^e An expression of Mr. James Bonnel.

LX.

SELF-DETECTION.

What is this subtle spright, ever in wait
Around my path, and in such seeming guise
Whispering sweet thoughts and honied vanities,
That the melodious poison steeleth straight
To the heart's avenues ? Self gathering state
Listens, well pleas'd. Meanwhile all Heav'n hath eyes,
All-seeing, yet unseen ; but onward hies,
Seen at each turn, equipp'd for Heav'n gate,
The elfin fantasy, all-glittering dight,
And gaining golden wings ; till, dim conceal'd
Within the cloud-pavilion of her might,
With pure ethereal mirror, and bright shield,
Truth darkly gleams ; the fiend is seen to night
Hurrying afar, all hideously reveal'd.

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

LXI.

If I in golden idol build my trust,
Or reedy palaces of earth-born fame,
By enchanted streams, therein to glass n
Do Thou, Great God, do Thou the gild
To shivers rend, and scatter, turn'd to d
To waters of oblivion. If I frame
Ought earthly wish, wherein Thou hast
Let darkness be upon it ! If I lust
To build a stair, that I on high may wa
Or frame me a frail mirror in the talk
Of other men, my shadow there to dres
And, stretch'd beyond my nature's little
And the low door of life, therein to stal
Rend Thou that stair and glass to nothi

LXII.

THE GLOW-WORM.

Oft as I contemplate the glorious skies,
Studded so thick with many a crystal spar,
And each a mighty world that shines afar,
Struck with deep awe my spirit in me dies :
For what am I in the All-seeing eyes,
In which of worlds and men such myriads are ?
But now, as I behold that living star
Lighting the o'er-hanging hedge wherein it lies,
I feel that ne'er a poet's boldest flight
Hath furnish'd Angel wings with glowing rays,
So bright and lustrous as that emerald blaze ;
Thus I, though but a creeping worm of night,
May have within me my Creator's light,
On which the highest Angel stops to gaze.

THE GOLDEN VALI

LXIII.

'O ψίνος 'Ερημότης. F

Ask me no more. I am a luckle
Wedded to pale After-thought, w
With her cold frown, whate'er I
Oft gathering wings I seem, and
Imagination, bears me on all digl
With painted plumes; buoyant a
Over all obstacles, nor touch the
Then following from behind in s
Comes Common-sense, shoulderin
My sides belabour'd, and my bro
Dizzy amazement, then the spell
My ingots are all leaves, my glas
My Aladdin's lamp is out, and I
I sit upon the ground, silent and

The Country :

1

The Country Par

I.

THE RETURN.

What, though the evil days be on
We must not be unwed, companio
Heart-easing Poesy, th' embodyin
Of feelings which else load th' o'e
Ye yearnings of a holier nature, t
With all the past and future, who
Is deeper than where deepest hea
If I to things of sense might be m
If He who sways the rolling stars
And hearts of men, would but my
With thoughts which might be bet
That so, howe'er the gushing foun
All may be pure and peaceful, the
Not faithless, innocent though not

II.

THE RETROSPECT.

Visions of fancy, that your halo shed
O'er untried pastoral watchings, where are ye?
I find you not, but stern reality
Hath lifted up her voice, and ye are fled
Amid the dreams of youth. And in your stead,
Toilings as in a dream, where all to be,
And nought seems done. Yet sober certainty
Hath better things than ought of fancy bred;
Self-discipline, which shews God's heavenly seal
In peaceful thoughts when His commands are done;
And that deep consciousness, that there is One
Risen from the grave, and on our troubled zone
Walking in calm, though storms His form conceal,
Seeking to whom He may His love reveal.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

III.

SACRED RESERVE OF THE CHURCH

On the rough seas He seemed passing
But they constrain'd Him ; and at Em
Bent on a journey onward, but they w
His Presence, for their souls were beat
With nameless worship : oft from heed
With type and shadowy word, He veil
Of Righteousness, nor ever fully shone
On doubting hearts His healing Deity.
Mysterious wisdom, which man's spirit
Then blame not, if the Church from the
In treasures of her grace, doth set apar
Needing enquiring eye and faithful he
For ever watchful, but to careless glan
Ne'er full unveils her blissful countena

IV.

VILLAGE MUSIC.

Beneath the calm of an autumnal Moon,
I saw a troop of rustic boys let loose
Forget their weariness, caught in the noose
Of air-borne music, moving in the tune
Of stirring flageolet and dun bassoon.
What, hast thou drunk of that old Arethuse,
In buoyant ring such magic to infuse,
And hold with chain electric all thine own !
Art thou th' Arcadian Pan, or Orpheus shod
With magic? Oh, no, sympathies there are
Of holier things bound to that airy car :
Howbeit all by an enchanter's rod
Are touch'd, the village oak it seems to nod,
And th' owl at interval hoots from afar.

THE COUNTRY PAST

V.

THE RECOVERY.

I saw one, who had been in wand
From Reason's light, which hid her
Behind a cloud ; but she, returnin
Lit up an aspect as the noon-day
E'en such as holy Ken or Herbert
One scarce could see, but secretly
So was he bowed in lowly placidn
" Sweet," said he, " to the weary ;
" To see the shore ; and haply bat
" Sweet to the soldier : sweet whe
" Saddening, I know, to find it bu
" But sweeter must it be, when al
" As first the soul awakens to the
" Which tells her she is safe, ar
" shore."

VI.

THE PASTOR'S DIFFICULTY.

Love cannot reach him, arrows of Despair,
And Hope, and Fear, fall from him, hedged in scale
Of wild obduracy, like iron mail ;
But, Pastor, hast thou left no weapon there,
In thy Heav'n-furnish'd quiver ? It is Prayer ;
Wing'd by Faith's pure resolve—Prayer shall
prevail ;
It hath the promise. Into Life's dim vale,
Prayer doth of help the golden gates unbar ;
To good of purpose stern that rugged brow
May turn ; Love o'er the rock his tendrils throw :
As when upon the world's first wakening morn
The Spirit came descending, on the thorn,
Woke by that sacred touch, the Flower was born,
And bird new-made sung on the new-made bough.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

VII.

SECOND CHILDHOOD

On looks he used to love gazing he
With eyes all strangeness ; but a w
E'en like a fabled shade at Lethe's
While in her temple's ruin fancies l
The out-worn spirit sleeps in solitu
Knowing nought earthly ; save the
Of twilight images, whose broken
Peering amid the wreck, more darl
The desolation and his bosom's nig
Yet haply forms of peace may ther
As 'mid stern Winter's icy citadels,
Deep 'neath the mirror of dark Oce
The Moon, with all her flock, celes
Shines darkling, where no earthly :

VIII.

THE SAME.

And see in that strange twilight of the mind,
How link'd associations yet live on,
And waken ! talk of Prayer, and he anon
Recounts his beads ; thrice happy, should'st thou find
A chord that doth the better soul unwind
Of thankful sufferance, and love begun
On earth. For thus sweet intercourses, won
From the great Spirit, secretly behind
This screen of things abide, and dearly bought,
Have grown at length into the inner man,
Tho' power be not, and will hath lost controul
Of action. Thus betimes within us wrought
Fill with Thyself, and form th' undying soul,
Our Saviour, ere be run this mortal span.

THE COUNTRY PAST

IX.

THE SAME.

So momentous our work, for every
May characters engrave, which lo
Come forth again and live; thoughts
Returning whence they rose in a
Of unmark'd influence, renew a p
Which slumber'd: and on each ne
Associations pour with feelings ri
(Like long-forgotten gales on ver
And work for good or evil. Sour
Which waken all that old melodic
That held the spirit; habit thus in
The soul with more than with eth
Weaving that bridal robe, which t
From Heav'n she Heav'n-ward be
born sues.

X.

THE PASSING BEGGAR.

Oft have I wond'ring seen strange characters
Of beauty lodged within an insect's wing,
Or 'neath a spurn'd weed's close enveloping ;
Hid within modest Nature's secret bars,
(Like a blue night with all its silver stars,)
A bright wild world of order, and whole spring
Of colourings. Such to sight God's presence bring :
In the least thing which Nature makes and rears,
He builds a temple ! But that thankful word,
That in a boon which passing hands afford
Acknowledg'd God the giver, touch'd the ear
Like voice from Nature's shrine, that spoke Him near
In all things said or done, received or given :
How dreadful is this place !—it is the gate of Heav'n !

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XI.

SIGNS OF MORTALITY

Should make us thoughtful surely, —
Thoughtful, that we are nearer our Lord,
That we must love Him more, no longer
But set the steadier eye. The promise
Wherewith fresh youth our poverty
Falls from us more and more, as first
Then petals, from the rose ; and in its place
Stand thorny monitors, if we have heedless
Our hopes in fading flowers ; else, should
They creep from coming Night, bright
From lights our Sun hath left, fair Emblem
Of promise. That calm star, that witness
The Sun, soon tells his coming from
Like love that left the last, and earless
tomb.

XII.

NATIONAL APPREHENSIONS.

The scene is darken'd but to bring more near,
Thro' dim'd perspective, calm and happy skies,
And everlasting hills, where our home lies;
These clouds above (O gloom than joy more dear!)
Make the clear light of that blest home appear.
'Tis like a scene I cannot rightly prize,
Which clouds and light had made for wondering eyes
Within a hilly amphitheatre.
Afar there was a pale and liquid light,
Where, in the opening north, a mountain band
Seem'd brought so wildly near, they seem'd to stand
Looking upon us, brought upon our sight
Strangely distinct in distance, and between
The Sea was like a bright blue river seen.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XIII.

FRIENDS ABROAD.

Behind are Ocean's gates, where C
Looks from her rock-built eyrie, s
From out the caverns of the dull c
Advancing into that old golden wc
A thousand tales she from her teen
Unbosoms, as ye pass upon the cur
Dark wave ! 'mid moulds of matter
Ye look some creeping thing on O
Ye with your worlds of thought and
Like some poor beetle on great Æt
Thus ye the sense of your own litt
(Not baubles of free thought home
May gather, thoughts that may to
All that we here can gain which sl

XIV.

· DOMESTIC TRIALS.

No rest—no hope—yoked in thy gentle mood
To stern annoyances of petty strife,
Which weary the worn spirit out of life.
Yet let it be, for it must be for good,
Or it would be not, and, if understood,
'Tis food for daily joy : that Heav'n-sent woe,
May tune a string that shall reverberate through
The boundless great Hereafter, if but woo'd
Sweet influences to set their jarring chord,
Which in the Heavenly concert shall have part.
Sufferings a suffering Master's children prove
And we too, tranquil mourner, have a word
In thy dear lesson, while for thee our heart
Bleeds silently, and looks to One above.

XV.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

In guise of love ambition lurks within,
And pants for some great sacrifice ; but He,
Whose eye hath been on Heav'n-born purity,
And watch'd the spots, which on the leopard skin
Come forth with years, and speak the evil kin,
He looks not for a crown of earthly rest,
If he may gain forgiveness, but too blest.
Tho' often bow'd to earth, with thoughts of sin
His heart be desolate, and fancy cold,
Seeing no light, he ceases not to bless,
And lift an eye to Heav'n ; not loved the less
Tho' wounded, but in resignation bold,
Tho' doubt's barb'd shafts come thick, determined
still
To trust, and do, whate'er betide, the will.

XVI.

PARTIAL AFFECTIONS.

Blest tree of Calvary, do thou abide
In fountain of our feelings, which oft prove
Marahs^a of bitterness, till thy dear love
Doth sweeten. Hence the unschool'd breast divide
Fond likings, and fond hatings, that abide
In selfishness, discordant mates, or rove
Where fancy leads. Liking doth liking move,
And love return'd but holds the glass to pride.
The love that leans on a celestial urn,
Scattereth a thousand streams, nor seeks return,
For she doth draw from her own hidden well,
That flows for ever ; and would flow unseen,
But that the freshening flower, and livelier green
Betray her, hastening with her God to dwell.

^a Exodus xv. 23.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

XVII.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

Shall we the mother love, who bore
And cherish'd our unheeding infancy
And love not Thee, by whose sore aches
We have been born unto a better life
Shall we the father love, whom our
Hath grieved so often, yet doth love
Shall we the sister love, who evermore
Still present e'en in absence, watcheth
Our weariness ; loved friend, or brother
And all of good and lovely dwelling
And love not Thee, from whom all things
In parent, sister, friend, or brotherhood
All that is good or lovely doth proceed
Faint emanations from the only God

XVIII.

THE SECRET OF CHEERFULNESS.

Cleanse Thou the fount whence our affections flow,
That we may joy to speak of what is good,
And to see good in all things ; in sad mood
Or buoyant, that sweet secret aye to know
Of cheerfulness, from sights of sin and woe,
To turn our chequer'd talk to healthier food.
Yea, blest self-discipline, though sternly woo'd,
● Hath smiles, and gladsome is her pipe though low,
Her tuned pipe, sounding 'mid scenes forlorn.
For discipline is love, whose light hath made
All like herself: with love fresh hues are born,
Which, wheresoe'er we stand, present a shade
Lovely and new, on bough or twinkling blade,
A thousand rainbows 'mid the tears of morn.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

XIX.

THE FALSE LIGHT.

Have heed thou take no meteor's la
For light of the calm Moon, serenely
In th' image of the Eternal ; this is
That leads to Death's grim cavern,
And there 'twill take the Comet's sh
The door of desolation. Hour to ho
From out the bleeding tree, th' all-s
Hath call'd, unheard, unheeded ; pl
From day to day from out the bleedi
And looking Heav'n-ward in His a
From year to year : but in Death's t
Imagination lit her fever'd torch,
And wings of light gleam'd on long-c
Then he with triumph look'd to Hir

XX.

RETURN OF SPRING.

Break Thou the bars on our obedience thrown,
That we may learn to love Thee, and to fly
To Thine all-harbours love, Thy blessings own !
All things are singing of Thee, earth and sky
Are vocal with a glad philosophy,
And vernal sweet thanksgiving. Man alone,
Nature's high-priest, is silent at Thy throne,
And ever broods, with cold averted eye,
On consciousness of evil, nor for good
Can ought believe. Thou bidd'st the desert sing,
And we may love Thee, if but understood
That blest baptismal washing of Thy Blood,
From whose eternal fount, for ever spring
Hope still renewed, and Love on healing wing.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XXI.

THE COMPLAINT.

The fragrant flower, bright insect, &
And beasts, and trees, and brooks, w
Speak of Thy love, and all around
But when that we would make The
And joining universal Nature's joy
Would magnify with them our com
For all the gifts He doth to us affor
Yet pride and selfishness, with jarr
Will mar the holiest accents we car
Were I a flower, with pure and bla
I might give back Thy praises at n
Were I a bird, Thy bounties I mig
But now, whatever offering I woul
The thoughts of self come in to tai

XXII.

RELIGIOUS EMOTIONS.

Yet pride or sloth beset us at each turn,
Feeding on better feelings—empty air !
Or better knowledge, emptier still, tho' fair,
If Charity within doth feebly burn
For lack of fuel : she doth fill her urn
From hourly discipline, and love, and prayer,
Self-sacrifice. Right onward must we bear
Thro' varying feelings ; let Faith hold the stern,
And they to haven urge the flagging sail.
As petals from the flower, thus feelings born
Of outward things, as we to death proceed,
Drop from us one by one, and leave the seed,
A power for good or evil, not to fail
When from the soul its earthly shell is torn.

THE COUNTRY PAS'

XXIII.

REFPROOF.

Blessed reproach, and blessed still
A Father's hand and chastenings
Better than all self-torturing disc
The risings of the rebel soul to te
Ye come but to recal some deed c
Or blameless deed undone. The
And every branch in Thee, Thou
Must bear the pruning steel. W
Sin and Correction travel side by
Till man shall have unlearn'd hin
Hence Melancholy yok'd with un
And Shame's uplifted scourge pu
And they, the sent of Heav'n, W
Angels of love which in a cloud :

XXIV.

ST. PAUL.

“ Therefore I take pleasure in distresses for Christ's sake.”

Suffering—it was bequeathed by one ador'd—
A precious mantle dropp'd from His dear cross,
He took it up, counting all else for loss,
And often when the arrows round him pour'd
Of cold affliction, or as when he soar'd
To Heav'n, and his meek soul proud visions woo'd,
He wrapt around in sterner hardihood
The recollection of his suffering Lord,
And deeper tenderness for those allied
In that dear Passion, till he lov'd the chain,
And suffering had forgot the sense of pain.
The cup of self-abasement was his pride,
It was the cup his Master had to drain,
And bless'd it ere He drank, and drinking died.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XXV.

" Mark them which cause divisions, continuing
which ye have learned ; and avoid

O cruel Charity, soul-killing Love,
Or blindness, false of heart, with s
And plausible gloss, to fan the pop
Of Schism and Heresy ! yet gently
Nor scorn a wandering brother ; w
Heav'n sends to watch around thee
Her soft parental tendings doth no
And moon to light thee, if thou fai
All Christ-like ways of gentleness
Holding Truth's hand, and giving n
To lying Spirits ; if Love leave un
What Love might offer, thou art n
Of our dear ancient Mother, who c
Though mourning, for her childre

XXVI.

CHRISTIAN RESERVE.

Things which abide nearest the fountain spring
Of our affections, cannot bear the light
Of common day, but shrink at ruder sight,
And so decay. Love is a heav'n-born thing,
To live on earth it needs home-cherishing,
Secret and shade. There is a subtle blight
In popular talk, and freer glare of light :
Soil'd is the bloom that was on Virtue's wing,
It cannot be restored. No sooner seen,
Than vanity, with silver fingers cold,
Watches the door, and lets the spoiler in,
To rifle all her treasury. She hath sold
Her diamond arms, and tinsel wears instead,
Shorn the charmed lock when once the charm is
read.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XXVII.

THE SAME.

'Tis so on earth ; they who have en
Into Kings' presence-chambers, are
From sight of them without ; and i
Ought of their fame beyond that sa
'Tis at their issuing, with high man
In order from their Sovereign. If
Sow blessing, yet how oft for them
Who first found out, and in what c
The arts which feed us ? who taugh
Melodious wings, and fill'd the bre
With a sweet soul ? who were the
Most like good angels, sure, they w
It is to bless us, though we know it
Like Him in whom we live, Hims
known.

^a See Mr. Newman's Sermon for St. A

XXVIII.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

Yes, He is here, as in Heav'n's highest throne,
But darkly we perceive. The wandering beast,
The wild bird finds its unhous'd, unsown feast,
And knoweth not the Giver. Man hath known,
But knowing often thank'd not. He all one
About us dwells, Fountain of joy and rest.
And all that worketh in the good man's breast,
Is but the struggle more and more to own,
And feel that Presence, dimly here allow'd,
E'en to the eye of Heav'n-cleans'd purity:
So dense the mist this mortal heart doth shroud.
And what but the withdrawing of the cloud
Is death, when, lo, that Presence ever nigh,
And in the heart of hearts the Eternal's eye!

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XXIX.

“ He saw them toiling in rowing, for the wi

Buoy Thou us up, feeble and faint
And fain would reach the shrine where
Holiness and Thyself invisible ;
Yet, ever and anon, the widening coast
Of reflux waves doth all our efforts
And bear us backward. If we move
Another and another yet more fell
Laughs at our struggling, while the
Of ocean is beneath us. Gracious
Stretch forth Thy hand to hold us,
Oh, teach us Thy commandments that
That we may better love Thee, on that
Of that o’erwhelming Future, more
Learning to lean on Thine Eternal

XXX.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

No, I have guilt enough, I wash me clear
From all the press, reckless of sacred things,
Daily pours forth, as from Avernian springs,
To load the poison'd air ; henceforth, whate'er
Of evil falls on my unwilling ear,
In public things or men, shall urge me on,
A voice which calls to something left undone,
A spur in Duty's sides. Behold, and fear,
From earth, sick with our varied crimes, ascend
Those vapours, which now throng Heav'n's lowering
 roof,
And hang in thunder ; still, meek mercy, still
Pleads, and the uplifted vial is aloof :
Dread pause ! and now he is his country's friend,
Who cleanses his own heart from secret ill.

THE COUNTRY

XXX

THE UNSHEATHING

What seest thou, holy watchman,
My bow is bent, my hand is ready,
And there an arrow ready to shoot.
It is the unsheathing of the sword,
That sword are the ungodly,
Shall clear before Him, and
In fear and meekness, shall
Taught by that chastening sword,
The ungodly in their lusts,
His hated sword He then shall use,
Therefore, when thou beholdest
Leagu'd against God's vice,
Not man, but God! Keep thy watch,
It is the sword which doth

XXXII.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN TOWN.

Where shall we find that widow's treasur'd mite,
Saved for the temple's service, heavenly wise?
Or where blest Mary's costlier sacrifice?
As down Time's stream we sail, first rise to sight,
The shrines of ancient faith; with ample might,
'Mid humbler homes of men, they pierce the skies.
Then thick the domes of human pride arise,
Rich-peopled hives, and numerous, large, and bright,
While few, and far between, decayed and old,
While Avarice gathers up what Time impairs,
Or mark'd with tasteless art and thrifty cares,
Lest they o'er man's possessions stretch too bold,
'Mid growing flocks, which seek another fold,
Stand houses of our God, while Mammon spares.

THE COUNTRY

XXXII

“ Lawlessness shal

Oh, for the rod of ancient dis
Unheeded and unheeding o'e
They wander shepherdless, a
With none to help! Oh, for
Of pastoral severity benign!
Spirit of noble Ambrose, wak
Where Aaron's rod, silencing
The living emblem prov'd inc
Yea, the whole land is sick, t
Can neither cure her ills, nor
And in the Church's bosom tl
Novel opinions, bold and wil
Of Church authority, and hat
All filial disobedience spreadi

XXXIV.

NEGLECT OF FAST-DAYS.

Poor gain I deem it, that from public stage,
And rural nook, the Cross hath disappear'd,
If it no more in heart of man is rear'd :
Bent to please all in this self-pleasing age,
Nor own that sign of Sorrow's heritage.
Witness, ye nominal Fasts, no more rever'd !
The Church, ye say, is to your love endear'd,
And sadly ye her coming ills presage :
But yet unheeding her small voice ye flee,
While Friday Feastings drown the gentle call,
Which calls you to her sad Gethsemane,
Unmark'd alike or Fast or Festival ;
Sabbaths ye straiten, but ye take no part
In arts that train the penitential heart.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XXXV.

THE SAME.

That sabbath of the soul doth ever
At Jesus' grave, to them in ways of
Who watch the world, like Evening,
O gentle spirit of self-sacrifice,
Springing 'mid ordered fastings, pe
Beyond the Indies, when, with hea
And peaceful thoughts, which feebl
Thou comest down, a soul of harm
Like the pure Heav'ns in their tran
Quietly imaged in a wintry sea,
With all their calm blue stars. Fron
Within the hidden soul a fount dot
Where God's life-giving Presence i
With Jesus Christ sitting at His rig

^b St. John xiv. 21.

XXXVI.

THE SAME.

Nor only reverend thoughts of God within,
And Jesus Christ, there sitting in dread light,
Are found in fasting: but thence burns more bright
The lamp of Intercession, freed from sin,
In the right hand of Love; o'er friends, and kin,
Brethren in Christ, and Kings of Heav'n-born right,
From the deep bosom of the Infinite,
The dews of every blessing taught to win.
Thus Love her sheltering wing spreads more and
more,
Then on that out-stretch'd wing doth upward soar,
Into the fount of Godhead far above.
Ah me, if thus thou train'st to fast and pray,
Ancient of mothers, such thy school of love,
Why are thy portals clos'd from day to day?

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XXXVII.

THE SAME.

No more thy Vigils and thy Litanies
Like watchful virgins at Heav'n-gate
But oil-less lamps, which painted still
Lifeless, if still'd the breath which I
And dim'd the light that lit those hearts
First life which fill'd those forms, thou
bear

That life, decay. Oh, the strong breath
E'en now may fan the ember ere it
O knit by all which high-born Faith
Where are your old affections, where
Which sweeten'd earth and Heav'n
ground

Was fresh with incense of that holy
Ye of the narrow path, and short-lived
Where are ye gone in unbaptized w

XXXVIII.

THE CHURCH'S LAMENT FOR NEGLECTED FAST-DAYS.

What is it nought to you, ye that pass by,
Where 'mid these caves of sorrow all forlorn,
Over my murder'd Lord I sit and mourn !
For it was I that wounded Him, 'twas I,
Not those who fled Him, or stood mocking nigh ;
And ye—see where His bleeding brow is torn,
And these pale hands, ne'er lifted, till this morn,
Save in a prayer or blessing. Here descry
Not death, but last night's sorrow ! It was He
Gave all ye have, He made the evening star,
The flower, in amber palace set the Sun ;
But in the bosom of Blessedness afar,
He could not leave us, but came down, and see—
Ah, is it nought to you, ye that pass on ?

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XXXIX.

THE IRRESOLUTE CHURCHMAN'S

Yea, 'tis blest woe blest gladness ch
Both join to weave Love's robe ; to st
Leading the child that on His Churc
Who on the day her Lord resigned l
Takes him to deeper shades and cav
That he may see, withdrawn from tl
The stars, how o'er Heaven's exiled
They come from high to form a deat
I know—resolve—and do not—and,
The wheel of human custom bears n
Stretching mine empty hands to hea
Once more, then, oh, once more, bef
Be cold—O Time, I seize thee by th
And wrestle with thee,—bless me ei

XL.

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

The objects we have lov'd are quite gone by,
The infinite reality comes on,
Nothing remains but that which I have done ;
Things in my being wrought internally,
And second nature, every dearest tie,
Loved faces, and loved scenes, youth's friendships,
gone
Everlastingly ; there remains but one,
And he must be encounter'd presently,
And that is Death. This is the truth of things,
As he, who to his present spirit brings
The fathomless Hereafter, must confess.
I would not wind me in strain'd thoughtfulness
Too high, but ever thus the truth would see,
Most deeply, rightly, and most tranquilly,

THE COUNTRY PASTOR

XLI.

PARTING.

Parting to meet no more ! hard to t
But warm'd 'neath Meditation's bro
Disclosing sweet and solemn thougl
We are but strangers, homeward joi
And whatsoe'er of good a gleam ma
On the receding bank, our course to
As down the stream we sail, in som
May wake again, like some forgotte
Seen in a dream. Yet, howsoe'er it
Sure it were well to leave it all to F
Him if we seek in all things, in all t
Him shall we find, and nearer than
If but the eye be single, Love the w
Shall find, and soar to hymns of Sei

The Mountain Ho

Oh, what great troubles and adversities has
and yet didst Thou turn and refresh me : y
me from the deep of the earth again. *Psalm*

Day and Night, strange centinels on
Winter and Summer, that arch'd va
Still varying, still the same, and hu
Piling dwarf citadels in sand ; ye se
A dream departing to my languid e
Wearied with watchfulness ! All b
Which round its hermit being the s
Peopled with fond inquietudes. I
To steal beneath the wing of pitiles
Till o'er my heart there came a spel
To keenest life those subtle ministe

* These extracts are taken from some reff
written in the year 1826, the whole of whi
sidered advisable not to publish, as not con
quietness of mind, an objection which it is h
are not so liable to.

,

.

.

!

The Mountain Home.

Which, from the spirit's viewless citadel,
Hold commune with the outer world ; and then
The bodiless creations of the brain
Seem'd to assume a strange reality,
Figure, and life, and this material ball
A visionary shadow, seeming fair.

I seem'd to living consciousness awak'd
From the short dream of life, where, as we thought
To ply our busy schemes, an unseen hand
Hurried us 'on from scene to scene, and weigh'd
In scales of stern probation ; we the while
From fear to hope, from hope to fear, ranged on,
Unconscious. All was stillness—then from far
The thrilling chain of Recollections woke,
Like long-forgotten strains in distance heard :
And all again was stillness—Memory seem'd
To lift the curtain from her shadowy world,
Like a bright isle beyond the o'er-darken'd seas,
Pictur'd upon a watery cloud, and brought
To a strange nearness : there a thousand shapes
In moonlight shadows seem'd to gleam ; fair Hope,
Eye-bright before, and lost in gloom behind,
Embryo Resolve, and Warning, lightning-clear,
And heav'n-ward Instincts, on the infant soul
Dawnings of Immortality ; nor least

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

That deep mysterious gloom in morta
Speaking of Eden lost. A dream-like
Was o'er me, and as when th' unfetter
All eye, all ear, careless of space and
Sports darkling, and around the slum
Weaves in one image distant scenes :
Around me came the scenes of infancy
Wearing unearthly freshness.
Strange hectic bloom, as if the glow c
Like in that fabled City of the Dead,
Dwelt in cold marble. While in vain
The pulse of life, it seem'd so shadow
As if that Lethe, and the shapes that
On her black mirror, were upon the
And Nature's wheel were still ; so m
Stood the bright scene, like a mute w
Hanging in ice-bound stillness 'neath

The Sun was resting on the ocean wa
Where, 'tween two winding hills that c
The watery landscape lay, and seem'
The bending sky : from far around, t
Hasten'd to hang their golden canopy
Lit by his parting smile. It was a sc
That seem'd to mock reality, so still
In viewless struggle between light ar

Unchanging—yet each moment chang'd! The sails
Which on the burnish'd mirror seem'd asleep,
So motionless, like summer butterflies
With pennons couch'd upon some honied blade,
Behind yon crag have vanish'd, one by one ;
A sail-less speck is lingering yet--and yet—
On the red orb—that orb, which seem'd at rest—
Is lessen'd to a curve : beautiful scene,
Seeming in still and pictured loveliness,
Unearthly semblance, framed to cheat awhile
The eye of poor mortality ! Time was
When I could look on thee ; and I would watch
Those bright dyes streaming from some other world,
As if to tell that there were brighter scenes,
Than ever on the spiritual eye of man
Have gleam'd ; that all so seeming fair on earth
Were but a painted cloud, and all that gilds
The path of life a frail unreal guest,
A ray from the imperishable Heavens.
Beautiful illusion, in Childhood's hour
Time was when I could look on thee—but now
Thou wakest thoughts too deep !

The stars of night
Were mingling with my dreams, and where e'en now
The purple imagery of Eve, there glowed
Thro' the deep vault, what seem'd the silvery track

THE MOUNTAIN H

Of some ethereal visitant, a clou
Of living lustre ; or, as deem'd
An isle Elysian 'mid the seas of
Sailing among th' eternal lamps
Solemn assemblage of mysteriou
Speaking of immortality to man
Of houses in eternity ! Dread t
If it be true that on the heav'n-
Worlds have familiar gleam'd, a
Where have those voices slept so
They break upon the midnight
So stillly clear ? Where have th
Lurk'd thro' Hope's summer day,
To rouse the mountain echoes of
And shake the feverish soul ? an
When Life's brief sun sinks to y
Waking no more around the pat
Flowers rainbow-hued, and inse
Myriads of sights and sounds sh
Myriads of worlds, and thro' the
Crystalline paths, chain within c
On links of golden harmony, wi
Circling the throne of the Invis

While still I strove to sleep, from
Stray twilight images, and brok

Came fitfully, to blend with dreamy shapes,
And Slumber's wild domain, and now I seem'd
Falling in sweet forgetfulness, and now
I started from Oblivion's dark abode.
I call'd up happy scenes and childhood's wiles,
And then before me came that elfin sprite,
With form grotesque and guileless fantasies,
Mocking at woe. From Memory's silent realm
Came living portraitures and Nature's haunts,
Like gleams on the dark mountains, and around,
Withdrawing from corporeal sense, I brought
Green spots, the mountain rock, the wood, the glen,
And noise of rushing waters ; till, awhile,
From her own stores my feverish fancy drunk
A dewy freshness. Now I seem'd above
The torrent chasm, beside that sunless rock
That used to haunt my childhood, where within
A sound was heard, as of a fabled sprite
To durance doom'd : now from an aged tree,
Leaning o'er a lone fountain I had seen,
A watery grotto, 'neath its crystal deeps
Enfolding hoary palaces and caves ;
Fantastic realms, where the dwarf lichen seem'd
Like pine-trees waving 'neath the glassy floor ;
Sweet fountain cradle, where the great world sleeps
In miniature, with all its rocks and caves,

THE MOUNTAIN HO

Its Alpine caves and rocks in cry:
Serenely beautiful ! meet fairy ha
Of water spirit, such as poets feig

But neither sunless rock, nor mou
Nor water spirit in her crystal ca
Could cheat the feverish footsteps
I turn'd to Nature's face, till Natu
And her fantastic mood, in cave, a
Were wearisome. For e'en the sc
'Neath Memory's glassy mirror, fi
Pourtrayed in summer lake, had c
From the o'er-hanging cloud.

And t
O'er the dark hour the thought of
In dread clear vision, like that fal
Homeless and havenless, which, s
Hurries portentous 'mid the temp
With spectral crew, and phantom
Fearfully visible. Then seem'd tl
Ebbing into a vast and wandering
And dark disquietings, a dismal t
Hung on the rear of life. And w
To sink in arms of sleep, long wo
Ah, not in Lethe's dews her opiat
But dipp'd in Stygian flames !

At length arose
A radiant arch, and on it sat a form
With eyes upturn'd to Heav'n.
Breathless I sat,
Upon that holy hill of Calvary,
In a deep death-like calm. The earthquake-voice,
The cry of agony, the scoff, the dread,
Had sunk in dismal solitude. Around
Was a mysterious gloom, unearthly still,
And here, and there, a shrouded form drew near,
Gazing in silence. Thro' the thunder-cloud
There came a gleam upon that bleeding frame,
Where, darkly wrestling with keen agony,
The soul's last struggle on the clay-cold brow
Was fixed in death, blending ineffably
Pity, and prayer, and pardon.
Sweetness past utterance, and gentle peace,
Sorrow's soft nurse, sweet as, amid the rocks,
The hollow footsteps of the parting storm,
When tranquil Eve comes on! Thou who didst sit
Hungry and weary on the Syrian well—
Thou who did'st wander thro' the howling wild
Houseless and friendless—Thou by Kedron's brook,
In that dark hour that man can never know,
Dropping Thine heart's own blood—meek, suffering
Lord,

THE MOUNTAIN ROOM

Thou know'st too well the weight
And throb of keenest agony! De
Teach me with Thee to climb the
Teach me with Thee to walk the
The roar of dark Eternity beneath
~~For Thou hast set us on that fear~~
That we may learn to lean on Th
And Thou wilt not forget my trea
'Mid millions--Thou wilt dwell a
Father and Friend, as on the twin
Sleep countless moons in pictur'd
Each in unbroken semblance: or
Spangles the dew-drops on each p
Each drop reflects his perfect bea
Drinks life, as if for him alone it
And Thou didst walk the earth, a
Thine heart, Thine eye, was in the
Reading th' Eternal Mind. Day
And all that dread immensity of
Was with Thee and about Thy p
Brooding around Thee, not like S
And Sabbath thoughts, but as the
"An ever-during presence not p
Familiar as the o'er-arching vault
And like the day about Thy path
Was seen the nothingness of earth

While we in misty twilight fain would fling
Magnificence around them. Oh, no more
Let me forsake Thine unseen guiding hand !
Oh, lead me to Thy sweet and peaceful home,
Beside the streams of comfort,
That I no more with seven worse spirits turn
To the world's wilderness ! Spirit of Peace,
Long, lost—long fled—where have I strayed from
Thee,
Fountain of healthful thoughts and gentle hope,
Where have I strayed from Thee ? when, if awhile
There came upon my soul that still small voice,
Dwelling 'mid Nature's solitudes, it came
But like the gale upon the harp, that woke
A momentary thought, and died away.
O lead me to Thy sweet and peaceful home ;
Thee have I sought amid the pathless woods,
Thee 'mid th' untrodden mountains and dark glen,
Unconscious, while I fled Thee. Thou it was
In the calm summer noon, when Nature stood
Awfully beautiful, and from the steep
Hung listening to the solemn harmony
Of woods and waters : Thou it was, dread Power,
Walking in stillness thro' the peopled scene,
'Mid calm of earth and Heaven ! and Thou it was
In mid-day twilight, when the torrent's voice

THE MOUNTAIN HOME

Hurrying his mountain multitude
Call'd to the echoing woods, and
In gloom descended on the shroud
I stood amid those mountain solitudes
On a rude plank that cross'd the
Roaring eternally, till on the eye
Hung the cold tear unconscious,
Unworthy with those shadowy forms
Nature's unsullied children : then
Feelings of solemn loneliness, and
Amid the silence of creation's works
Waking the echoes of the past ;
The veil of things, and this mystic
And the dark world, and fall'n humanity
Hung like a weight upon the soul
Stirrings of deep Divinity within
And, like the flickerings of a smouldering
Yearnings of an hereafter : Thou
When the world's din and Passions
Calling Thy wanderer home.

Spirit

O let me rest beneath Thy palm
And trace in Thy clear fountain,
Shadows of happier things, and
Mirror of deep tranquillity, beyond
The sweep of scorching winds a

Or if not to that haven of Thy rest,
Yet let Thy cheering beam, thro' the dark wild,
Fall gently on my lonely path! and, oh,
When all around is dreariness and night,
Let me not call it solitude, if Thou,
‘Light of the soul, be near! and if the storms
Gather around me, and the waterfloods
Roll o’er my soul, oh, let no envious clouds
Hide from mine eyes that solitary star,
Rising in loveliness beyond the storm.
Oh, o’er the howling wilderness of waves,
Let not Faith fail to bear me up! be Thou
My guardian, Thou my guide; Thee may I see
When earth is fading from my dying eyes,
Thee^c may I hold with faltering hand! Awhile,
And all this strange terraqueous scene of things
Shall be but like a sick man’s dream, or gleams
That came upon the dawn of infancy,
And all our tears but like the dews of night,
Lost in the presence of eternal sun.

^b Tu mihi curarum requies, tu, nocte vel atrâ,
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis. *Tibullus.*

^c Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu. *Ibid.*


THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Poor murmurer, cease to fret and roar,
With hurried step and ruffled breast,
Thy pebbled path will soon be o'er,
And thou on Ocean's bosom rest.

And what to yon vast endless home
Each little rock that checks thy way,
To where yon mountain billows roam,
To where yon worlds of water stray?

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I stood within a vale with hills girt round,
Save where its opening portals did disclose
A sapphire shield of deep o'er-arching blue,
Bright Ocean, with his glistening wilderness,
Wedded to the blue Heav'ns. And then, anon,
With a strange inland winding, seen again
Amid the mountains, with his watery arch
Just gleaming, and his mail-like winding back
Shew'd like a river, for the hills beyond
Came and stood near, a giant multitude,
Like some wild vision looking on the vale
In clear and distinct neighbourhood from far.
Those hills are still the same—and those calm woods,
And that dear eminence, still looking down
Upon its own bright valley, as of old.
Somehow methought an age had pass'd away,
And Memory's dim visions walk'd the glades,
Speaking mysterious with strange eloquence.
But where are they who made that scene so dear?
Where are they? They methought were not!



THE MOUNTAIN

THE SEA AND MOUNTAIN

I.

Strange stillness, and strange
With all its vanities in gloom
Its busy hopes full-set, its
Moves stilly onward to its
Beneath us, and around us
An Ocean heaves his thunder
Familiar sport his foaming
While ope his marble jaws
We are not,—he rolls on all

II.

Shall the soul rest upon
To slumber lull'd by Nature
And anchor like a sea-bird
While darkness sits beneath
Lo, silvery gleams on the
Break sternly beautiful, from
Fall moonlight rays; and hark
Rejoicing in the light, by
Save Him alone who sits beneath

III.

Thus, 'mid her calm and azure palaces,
Sits gentle Hope, speaking of Heav'nly rest,
Shedding her mantle sweet o'er Life's rude seas:
Like her, that with unchang'd, tho' changing crest,
Walks forth her monthly round from out the west;
She fills her faded horn with borrowed gleam,
And clouds, that would enshroud her, doth invest
With her own brightness; O, lift up thy beam,
Light on Night's brow thy darkly-gleaming diadem!

IV.

Earth's peers, the sun and moon, are aged grown;
It is the torrent's stillness, ere it fall!
Torches of Heav'n, lit at the Eternal's throne,
Thro' this dim scene of things, Time's twilight hall,
They lead her to the tomb's o'er-hanging pall.
On Earth the torrent's stillness! now, e'en now,
The rush, the roar of waves, a watery wall
Hath sprung aloof, and arch'd the gulf below,
Where Faith with upturn'd eyes sits on the illumined bow.

V.

Erewhile she made her cradle in Night's womb,
Rock'd by the chainless elements, 'neath the throne

THE MOUNTAIN

Of darkness, with light war
E'en Order rose with meas-
Waking the desolation, and
From cowl of mantling Ch-
Gradual unveiling his uplif
On wheels of harmony, div
While all the morning stars ar

VI.

Lift up thy fallen and sin-
For Time is old, and shake
With palsied hand,—thy d
O Time, I see his mighty s
O'er earth, to join the past
Like some wing'd messeng
Girded with speed, with st
Folds not his wing, but do
And shrouds himself again in

VII.

In ruin, yet in ruin beautif
Thou prison-house of Hop
Thy glorious sea, and arch
Still Beauty on thee waits,
To clothe with flowers,—'t
appears,—

And throws o'er stern decay her gleaming pall,—
Wakes ever tones of mercy ; and uprears
Her glittering head o'er Nature's funeral ;
O Messenger most sweet from Him that loveth all!

VIII.

From Him who ever watches, if at length,
Beneath the wings of His all-fostering Dove,
He may but gain one wanderer ; and His strength
Holds back in pleadings of eternal Love.
Yea, and that Messenger is from above,
That rends thy pearl-deck'd mantle of blue light,
To invest thee with the thunder ; and that strove
Darkly to tell, that, 'neath the flowery height,
The Avernian whirlwind's wing doth fold itself in
Night.

IX.

But see, where far the radiant Twilight flies,
And oft at fits, lifting Night's jetty pall,
Unbars the mountain dread sublimities,
That clotheth themselves with darkness, 'neath light's
fall
More palpable ; and bursts at interval
The mountain amphitheatre reveal'd,
And wild Orion, from the ethereal wall

THE MOUNTAIN

Watching bright Hesper on
Leaning on Ocean's verge
shield.

X.

Dark Ocean heaves amid the
His solemn diapason to the
With that strange falling—fi
Like thunder ; she, from ou
Look'd forth upon his deep-
There gleam'd a boat, in liq
cloud,
'Mid multitudinous billows
With busy forms of life, a sl
A silver spot amidst dark Oce

XI.

That boat is seen no more,—
And far from out the horizo
In gloomy indistinctness, lik
A gleaming islet lifts its roc
As if the parting Day, sinki
There left his glowing mant
Beyond Night's confines! b
The twilight walk, as if tha
Blew the vast skirt aside, and

XII.

Beauty's immortal lineaments. On high
The Moon is in her watch-tower, 'mid dark clouds
Attendant rolling on her pageantry ;
Herself unseen, afar her glory broods
On the bright waters ; now troop sable shrouds
Of winged darkness o'er Heav'n's moving roof,
And 'neath the blackening waves, like shadowy
crowds,
Or Stygian coursers upon soundless hoof ;
Now o'er the watery dome the curtains hang aloof.

XIII.

Now brighter and more bright bursts forth the tress
Of the white Queen of Night ; lo, from her shield,
In palpable and massy hoariness,
A cloud-born image flies, now dim reveal'd
Strange sights of elemental war they wield,
And battle in Heav'n. She, thro' the welkin riven,
Mounts up the watery arch, far o'er the field,
O'er scatter'd hosts and shapes of blackness driven,
Unveils her solemn state, and reigns serene in Heaven.

XIV.

And thou again, thou lost and ruin'd earth,
That strugglest with the mystery dimly thrown

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

**Around thee, and the clouds that mar
Shalt burst the bars of darkness, pure
And walk in glory round thy Maker's
Rising from out the dust, and o'er the
A mantle of bright lustre not thine ov
Shalt climb the ancient Heav'ns, the st
To hymn the Crucified, and join the ete**

June, 1829.

IRREGULAR THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

I.

O voice come forth from Truth's eternal hall,
That we shall endless be for weal or woe ;
How dost thou, in the silence of dead night,
The listening heart appal !
Still nearer and still nearer ever brought
By ever-deepening thought,
As stars grow on the telescope's clear light :
Till mightiest things below
Seem wither'd leaves, whose shadows pass
Beneath some watery glass.
O vast above us of unmeasured sky,
With but a shell between !
O deep of deep immensity,
And thought-unfathomed sea,
Beneath us, though unseen !
Rous'd at the view around her house of clay,
The ethereal spirit feels for some sure stay :
Then turns to watch the hues that o'er her mansion
play.

THE MOUNTAIN .

II.

Far stretching forth beyond
The straining sight searches
 And finds no bound,
Another and another yet bey
 In deepening thought p
Woke by the touch of Contem
 The soul takes wing,
Yet higher and yet higher d
 And yet she finds no bo
Then sinks in that dread
 thoming,
Nor ever feels the grou

III.

Let wild creeds come an
Beneath the weight of that r
Beneath the weight of that o
 On naught but One in Go
 And infinite in might
Can deathless being lay its f
Go count the diamond drops
Those mighty multitudes, w
 Come forth, are lamps wh
 burn,
Where the Eternal dwe

Could He put off that robe of Heav'nly light,
Deck'd with those gems which baffle sight,
To put on weeds of creeping man?
Would'st know? then learn Eternity to scan,
And weigh it well,
And put it in the scale with him that fell.
When thou hast mark'd that Ocean's furthest tides,
Then may'st thou take thy compass, and bring down
The everlasting heights where God abides
To measurings of thine own;
And count the attributes which gem His crown.
Then may'st thou take the Ocean in thy hand,
And number his sun-glittering sand,
And measure Heav'n's eternal love
By that which in thy breast doth move.
Ah, no, the little flower,
Which by some mountain streamlet hath its home,
Drinks of the Sun's bright shower,
And wraps its head from the Storm's passing gloom,
But knoweth not his cradle or his tomb.

IV.

The Sun and Moon just now were on the main,
In union of strange majesty,
While solemn Evening wove her fairest chain,
They all must die!

And now the multitudinous mountains sleep around,

They all shall flee away,

The eye shall seek for them, but they

Shall not be found.

Night o'er the sky her banner hath unfurl'd,

And marshals for her army many a world ;

They all shall fall, like faded leaves

When dishevell'd Autumn grieves :

The soul this day lit by celestial fire,

Cannot expire ;

But, when the blazing universe is flown,

Shall in Judgment stand alone :

Then what to me is Honour, Love, or Hate,

To-morrow launch'd upon that shoreless state ?

Yea, ere this night hath morning met,

The Judgment may be set,

The time for Prayer will then be gone,

And to undo what then is done ;

Dread thought ! like lightning passing o'er,

Searching the heart,—then leaves it as before.

V.

The Moon's white footsteps scour the mountains
hoar,

Then leave them, cold and darken'd as of yore.

The Sun's fleet shafts speed o'er the watery main,

Opening the wild deeps as they go,
Then leave them to their solitudes again.
The kite on high his passing shadow flings,
And all the forest birds are cowering low,
Then tune their songs anew and plume their
wings;

The deepening earth and sky,
Pictur'd in miniature in glancing eye,
One moment there are glass'd, and then are
not ;

Thus the dread thoughts of our eternal lot
Fleet o'er the unstable soul, and are forgot.

VI.

But ever as we oftener thither turn,
To those vast worlds Life's sunshine hides from
sight,

They in our thoughts do steadier burn,
And ever grow upon the growing sprite.
Thus from that sea of never-ending light,
Our spirits drink of an enduring life,

With forms diverse and colours rife :
As to the deeps of Love who oft repair,
In never ceasing prayer,
Do gather thence the love that they would
learn.

THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

VII.

'Mid scenes of these our destinies
Ever advancing to be old
Still on and on we climb
Upon the back of time ;
Like some huge rock whose side
Like some poor creeping
But borne aloft upon that tower
Standing upon the Infinite
Man seems to an unwonted grandeur
And stature not his own.
O dangerous sight, if Love
O Truth far better left to us
For in the giant rock we confront
In grasp of our conceptions we
Seeing our shadows lengthen on
And we forget that we must part
And in that silent dwelling here
Stript of our pride,
When we have laid this tower
To say—Corruption, thou my
My sister, thou the world

VIII.

Her prison-house around
The soul is searching still for
But bars of ignorance are

And the thunder's lair,
To warn her of forbidden ground.
There Heresy in darkness sleeps profound,
And Error there, and Doubt are wandering still,
Upon that mist-enshrouded hill.
Still Duty's wicket-gate stands ope below,
Calm as the Moon's pale brow.
Then sets the soul her restless sail,
To catch each passing gale
To bear her to some golden shore,
Which misery and disquiet guard for evermore,
Stretching their arms around dim phantoms pale.
Then would she make herself some airy car,
Above her earthly clog to soar,
And claim her kindred with the star;
 wooing vain Honour to her side,
Like a spangled phantom bride,
With her and wan Corruption to abide.
And still below the narrow gate stands ope,
Leading to ways of lowly Poverty,
And moon-lit paths of duty, calm and free;
But ever-busy earth-born Hope
Is filling her with projects evermore,
Too high for that low door.
Then fever'd Fancy lifts enthusiasm's torch,
And kindles up this darkling porch,

THE MOUNTAIN HOME

With shadows bold,
Turning the clouds which guilty
Into celestial figures manifold.
Still, Duty's narrow wicket open s
And Love in vain stretches her ea
We one by one are not,
But still the sky is fair ;
And sunbeams sleeping th
Where the white-gleaming
Sits on its mountain shelf, 'mid hangir

IX.

I saw a jutting rock amidst the se
And on it things in a strange reve
Not sporting, but contending all :
For ampler room and mastery.
And fast on each, within that madde
The Sea put forth his hand,—they
The rest still strove as they had s
The Sun shone on that rock as it hac
It makes me sad to think of that coi
An insect brood then saw I on a l
Which every wind that passed sh
Stern admonition that it soon woul
And on it were dark creepings of
“We heed not,” said they, “tho’ on

This but our cradle is, and not our home ;
And tho' Decay builds 'neath our verdant hall,
Wings have we gathering, and we shall be
gone."

Then said I, this is better,—I would own
This thought—'tis sweet,—such thoughts come
at our call,
Forbidding the weak soul on visions wild to roam.

X.

I to that boundless Love would ever turn,
From that, as from some hidden urn,
Drawing the peaceful thoughts of Charity,
And bid the world good bye.
For that calm grove, wherein our Mother dwells
Beside those living wells,
Wherein the face of Heav'n is ever clear,
And looks out from the azure deeps
Rather in love than fear ;
And on its tranquil margin sleeps
Some aged hoary pile, which on its breast
Is calmly in its rest.
So may I turn from turbid rills
Which fever'd Fancy fills,
And from pale Superstition's brood
That dwell in solitude.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

Oh, take me, tranquil Mother, 'neath
That I may dare look out on that d
While in calm watchfulness I learn
And to thy hopes of mercy cling

XI.

Those that have been before us we
Only that we may give our space
To them who are behind us in the
Before, on dim eventful pilgrimage
Prophets and aged patriarchs to the
Like travellers girded for a distant
Are hurrying, as the shadows of a
And from the heights of ages
O'er gathered bounds of many-nun
They look out from Life's evening
And as they pass one voice they lift
We are but strangers in this vale of
Yea, as we spoke, our life it hurried
Like the swift post that passes speed
Or the wing'd ship upon the summer
Like the keen eagle on its prey the
Or the fleet shuttle which the weaver
Like the quick arrow parting the target
Which clos'd again, and left no vestige
Like smoke which, as we watch'd, was
A flower of morn at evening wither

Yea, like a leaf with which the waters play;
Yea, like a flood Thou bearest us away;
A dream, which on the morning eyelid lies,
And in the twinkling of a sunbeam flies:
Thus upon fleetest wings did our life flee,
And while it was it was but vanity.
We nothing knew, nor whence, nor where, nor why;
But that our God was good, and we were born to die.

XII.

This place is not our home,—O thought most vain!
As well the wandering crane,
Might seek his home upon the stormy sky;
Or the wing'd butterfly
In faded leaves on which the worm was lain.
We are lost children in an unknown wood,
Who nothing know but their own solitude;
Ah, them no zeal of gathering flowers,
Nor gleam of light that comes upon those bowers,
Nor pebble-piled tower, nor gleaned wreath
Shall tempt to rest those baleful shades beneath.
But we, alas! or sleep, or random roam,
Till all forgotten is our Father and our home.

XIII

Where shall the aching mourner find relief,
Whose bosom is with fresh bereavement torn,

Where Love was born and cherish'd, for that grief
What balm hath breath of eve, or summer morn?

Come forth, and see how these long foster'd flowers
Are trailing 'neath the trees,—how sweet the sun
Goes down upon the wave, from woodland bowers
There comes a dewy freshness,—his work done,

See, Labour homeward hies! The eye hath roved,
And is 'mid other scenes, where parting life
Lit up the eyes which most on earth it loved,
And all these scenes with other tales are rife,

While Nature's harmonies, like discord fall
On the untuned ear. Then seek the roof
Of sweet Philosophy; I hear her call,
From her charm'd lute sure grief doth stand aloof!

Alas! why should I seek her witching cave,
Unless it were to bring back those we love,
And that she cannot; nor would Sorrow have
The grave give up its owner. Care hath strove

And Friendship with her watchful tending eye,
If haply she fond memory yet might steal
From straying round the tomb to life's bright sky,
But He who gave the wound alone can heal.

It is alone the thought that we are here
 But strangers from our Father, with no rest,
 No home, no peace, nought lasting, nothing dear,
 Till we are gather'd to a Father's breast.

Tho' pain and grief prevail, that God is good,
 That nothing can be evil on this earth,
 Wherein His sacred Spirit hath abode,
 Save what from man, and evil will hath birth.

XIV.

No, sad indeed it were if this were all,
 And we were not by the glad Hope sustain'd,
 That there are better things for us laid up,
 Than all the gilded toys which 'neath the thrall
 Of Passion lead us onward, no drop gain'd
 To fill the slakeless spirit in life's cup.
 Else it were sad to find each cherish'd thing
 With falling and grey hairs upon the wing,
 And hurrying from us; and at every turn
 Upon life's road amid the landscape fair
 To see a sepulchre^a,
 And drop our natural tears: O lesson stern,
 But for the hope that better things are won
 For us, to the Soul's haven travelling on,

^a et nunc, ecce, sepulcrum
 Incipit apparere Bianoris. *Virgil.*

THE MOUNTAIN

Which freed from clouds of p
A mighty Helper who with u
Strengthening herself to see t

XV.

Then let us gather boldness in
With the world's sternest pha
And set our sail right onward
Is ours, and Love doth marsh
Let others sleep, or sport on s

Forgetful of the storm
Set we the sail right onward, .

E'en now I hear the dista
Muster his forces 'mid the thu
The little hand e'en now the v

XVI.

When Prophecy of old ha
On fallen earth,

In singlenes it sprung,
Feeble and young ;

Then forth it put a gladd
Beneath earth's cloud o
Then branch on branch
relief

Its sheltering shadow f

And in each branch there was a budding gem,
And in each gem there was a hidden stem,
And in each stem a leafy diadem.
And every branch on that prophetic tree,
Was emblem of some mightier mystery,
Like boughs of trees, on which they climb,
Which are both counterpart and limb :
Till to a mighty whole upgrown,
It stood on earth, its stature touch'd the sky,
Filling the Church invisible ;
And 'neath its shade the saints they came to dwell,
And on its head their was a heavenly crown.
For Earth itself is but the secret womb,
Or embryo form of something yet to come ;
And every deed in virtue sown
Shall blossom when the world is overthrown,
And not a vestige known.
Each gleam that now plays on the skyey roof
Hath strayed from mansions which are hid on high,
And all the darksome colours in life's woof
Are from the house where grief can never die.
Each wind and gushing storm,
Which nature doth deform,
Are heralds of the time, when shall be borne
Upon their sounding wheels the dreadful Judgment
Morn.

THE MOUNTAIN

Wherein the lamb shall wit
And both shall by a cl
The kingdom of the
A wondrous net shall o'er t
Of golden meshes mac
And in the wilderness a
Man seen with God alon
In lowly fear made
Shall as with brother co
But what, alas, if 'mid the
Fancy still stores on earth
And few the secret learn of th

III.

O Word divine of wondrou
That converse with poor
(By the lone shore of Ga
Or Tabor rising on the
That One from the dark
born
With such a glorious
That all earth's shades s
bright ;
But they who walk in t
Shall unto their own
And proffer'd love

THE WITNESS TO ALL NATIONS.

I.

Knowledge wave after wave the world doth fill,
Like Ocean in his might,
The Gospel trump is blown from hill to hill ;—
A glorious city standing on each height,
A witness dread with beacon-light,
Maketh around the darkness visible.
Unto our dungeon dim,
Deep avenues are ope around,
Unto abodes of golden Cherubim,
And scenes of Heav'n that wax not old ;—
Within the wild hath Christ unwound
His treasures manifold ,—
But what is this if Love grow cold,
And Faith be no where found,
While lust and pride and wrong throughout the
world abound ?

II.

From land to land that kingdom shall be spread,
From heaven which cometh down,

Wherein the lamb shall with the lion play,
And both shall by a child be led,—
The kingdom of the day ;
A wondrous net shall o'er the earth be thrown,
Of golden meshes made ;
And in the wilderness a table laid ;
Man seen with God along the darkling way,
In lowly fear made bold,
Shall as with brother converse hold ;
But what, alas, if 'mid the heavenly ray,
Fancy still stores on earth her treasured hoard,
And few the secret learn of them that fear the Lord.

III.

O Word divine of wondrous energy,
That converse with poor fishermen,
(By the lone shore of Galilee,
Or Tabor rising on the distant ken,)
That One from the dark grave there shall be
born
With such a glorious light,
That all earth's shades shall in that beam be
bright ;
But they who walk in that celestial morn,
Shall unto their own darkness turn,
And proffer'd love shall spurn,—

That so in that dread summoning again,
When the deep silent vault for aye is riven,
They to their earthly cares and pleasures shall be
given,
And Noah and just Lot to them shall call in
vain.

IV.

Yea, that vast world where deathless things have
birth,

Like the horizon girding earth,
Is spread around us,—but we lowly bow'd
To scenes of little love or little strife,
Creep amid creeping things, an insect crowd,
Unto a silent cave.

Thus are they, spirits form'd for endless life,
Like seeds by vagabond winds o'er moor, mount,
wave,

Borne frustrate, or beneath some shady wood
Left to the heat and cold of parching skies,
Till the true germ of life within them dies,—
Embryos abortive of high destinies!
What though 'mid Angels' hosts we draw our
breath,

If while we walk in our own solitude,
Broad be the way to death.

THE MOUNTAIN

V.

Like Heav'n encircling earth
Is spread around, peopled with
Angels which joy o'er me
But the world's sun is on
That knowing it we know
Look out and see, e'en now
The world with cries of
Doth not the earth her an-
Tho' sternly mindful of ser-
Striving to gain each wand-
From place to place the
Meanwhile the Lord in His
And the Refiner tries

A FRAGMENT ON THE DEATH OF EVE.

Eve sat, her wintry tresses falling o'er
Sorrow's wan visage, like the snowy wreaths
O'er the dismantled birch on Oby's bank,
Hanging a soft and pensive loveliness.
Serene as Lapland winter, calm and fair
As dewy night, that o'er the azure arch
Walks stilly forth, the days wild fever o'er,
Studded with stars and coldly beautiful.

And she sat gazing on the silent moon
With eyes suffused with tears, that silent spoke
Peaceful communion, as when 'neath the lake
The fountain deeps are stirring, but scarce move
The glassy surface calm.

“ The little flower
Sleeps placidly beneath thy silvery gleam,
The crown-bent palm stands stirless ; tranquil
Moon,
I love thee more than that bright orb of day,
For thou art more like gentle hope, and joy
That stood so fair on his meridian tower,

THE MOUNTAIN

To me shall rise no more. But
When it is all like night around
Methinks I see those rocks that
Beyond yon sylvan avenue ; y
Along the lengthening vista of
I travel on and on, at each bend
Dropping whatever was left of
Winter is on my brow, and in
Still nearer yet, methinks, and
I hear that unseen Thing that
His coming in the wailing wind
I hear him in the thunder ; with
Shaking the mountains, shuddering
His icy hand I feel upon my head
In sheeted lightning his form
Glaring upon me. Nature the
Mournfully smiling thro' her smile
And puts on hues of Paradise ;
Is in the noonday heavens, serene
Looking upon the sunny earth
I see that dismal shape lurking
Lifting the curtains from some
The bodiless hand put forth from
Or art thou but a shadowy thing
Leagued with the elements and
To pray unseen on being? Still

The weary chain of life, like some wild weed
That lives and blooms around the wither'd trunk
Its own embrace hath blasted. Could but aught,
Long Prayer, and long Repentance' bitter tear,
Recall what once hath mounted on the wing
Of the fast fleeting hour ! Yet all in vain
E'en could time's ceaseless footsteps wear away
One stain, yet dark Corruption darker grows,
And round the Holy Altar wreaths its weeds
With subtle snaky wiles. But Thou wilt still
Receive our offerings, and from out Thy shrine
And all enfolding cloud Thy flame breaks forth,
Telling us Thou art near, in pity near.
I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, around
I feel for Thee, and find Thee not ; but wrapt
Within Thy cloud of wonders, as a veil,
Move darkling ; surely Thou art with us still,
Within us and around us, surely Thou
Art in these gleams that visit my sad heart,
When evil things of youth have o'er me come
Blending with dreams of age. I seem'd to rove
In happy groves o'erhung with golden fruits,
I ate, and found all ashy bitterness.
I dream'd of struggling in a mortal fray,
To save one from a deadly grasp, when, lo,
We seem'd all suddenly within the coil

THE MOUNTAIN

Of a strange serpent, horrible,
We and our children. Then
Methought I sat beside a silent
When the grave oped, and from
There came One clad in an un-
And all behind was full of glo-

Thus on the clouds that hid
From far, beyond the chamber
Beyond the dwelling of the W
So beautiful at even. I have
Listening, at fall of night, and
Strains as in Eden bowers, till
A world of recollections, link
Most melancholy; then methought
Of Him who comes to drive the
Where darkly gleams yon midnight
Unearthly sweetness! then my
And Eden in the desert seemed

She ended, as one waken'd
Of soft heart-moving Pity: as
In veils of Heav'n-wrought
Fair messenger of mercy: fall
Acknowledging the token with
And fragrant-breathing incense
Looks tearfully to Heav'n, and

WRITTEN IN 1826.

Spirit of gentleness,
Still would thy blameless soul in pity bleed
For those that wound thee! Peace be with thy
steps,
And earthly wrongs but wings that bear to Heav'n!
Spirit of gentleness, thou wast not made
To wrestle with an evil world, 'mid clash
Of Passion's steely mail, and the loud din
Of spirits framed in iron mould; but He
Who bid thee sojourn here, hath haply sent
To shew awhile in live reality,
The loveliness of natures train'd for Heav'n,
And fit thee by thine earthly pilgrimage
For thine enduring home. Spirits of Heav'n
Be with thee and around, while from the gall
Of this world's bitterness thy gentle soul
Shall gather sweetness. Still on Him that died
Thine eye shall dwell; thy feet may totter 'neath
Thy daily cross of sufferings, yet on Him,—
On that calm brow with death's cold damps be-
dew'd,—
That peaceful eye glazed with keen agony—

THE MOUN

Thy soul shall feed ; till
Upon thy drooping soul
Unearthly peace and par
Shall gather firmness, an
Shall smile 'neath earthly
year

Roll o'er thee and roll fr
That hurries on the nois
But bears thee onward to
To be on Abraham's bos

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

A little child

The morn of being round me breaking,
Like a glad vision fair and wild !
And I in a bright world awaking,
With trees and flowers all greenly dight,
And arch'd with roof of deep blue light,
Where to a golden cave remote
There rode a fiery Charioteer,
And then anon his pale compeer
Had launch'd her crescent boat !
Light as that arch's mantle blue,
The curtains from my soul withdrew,
E'en now as back my view I bear,
That dream—it seems strange hues to wear,
Like that unearthly sea displayed
In microscopes, as light and shade
Fleet through the mirror gathering rays,
And lighting all with silvery rays,
E'en now as in enchanter's glass,
To life's sweet orison
The darkly gleaming shadows pass,
While memory lifts her twilight Moon
In caves of dim Oblivion.

THE MOUNTAIN

As o'er me woke that shade
A little Spirit came to me
And told me of a great Unseen
That walked o'er that barren land
Oh, 'twas a fearful mystery
Around me, but unknown
Like light around the blind man
And should the blind man see
All he had done he did it
That great Unseen, all-seeing
Where'er I turn'd it seen

A cloud was o'er my childish
I sat in solitude,
I know not how, I know not
But round my soul all dreary
There was a silent shadow
For with my sleep such terror
Of rolling on a rolling billow
With a wild storm for my foe
That Sun seemed hurrying
From which the Moon, in
Gliding in stole of ghastly
Came forth, and sat on throne
Then in my childish
That little Spirit came

And bade me rest on Him above,
That He unseen,
Did o'er me lean,
With far more than a parent's love.
Tho' tempests may the soul o'erwhelm,
Asleep or wake, through toil or trouble,
Tho' wild winds howl and waves redouble,
Day or night o'er ocean's breast,
That He would sit, and hold the helm,
To the Pavilion of His Rest !

Fled were the hues that were adorning,
The dews that hung upon Life's morning ;
Another scene was on my dream,
Around my path there was a gleam ;
A laughing boy,
And full of joy !
It was a joy that flush'd the cheek,
But not the joy, so mild and meek,
Which erst my earlier childhood knew,
In leaning thoughts of One above,
When even sorrow caught a hue
From plumes of the o'ershadowing Dove.
'Twas not the soul's serene moonlight,
But a meteor lamp down the arch of Night.
That little Spirit came no more,
Knocking at my heart's low door ;

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

Save when came pensive Solitude,
And wove around her peopled cloud ;
Thro' the dim lengthening avenue,
'Twas He—in distance seen—and lov
Bending His averted brow.

I struggled with a crowd, and play'd;
'Twas chang'd—I sat on a hill's side^b
Crown'd with an avenue of ancient sh
A leafy colonnade ;
Methought some shadowing rock was
Its shade did on my soul abide ;
Till I had climb'd and sat on high,
Upon that “ Rock of Pride.”
The world it seem'd to wear bright e;
And cast them on me ; from my side
Wings seemed to spring, and I to rise
Oh, then my spirit sat apart,
And I was sick at heart,
Sick of a world with nought to win
To fill that urn within.

Then musing came, and care unholy ;
And pensive pining melancholy,
That listened to the distant lute,
When all around was mute :

^b Harrow on the hill.

Touch'd by her wand life's scenes to view,
Arose, but wore a Stygian hue.
I sat beside a ruined tower.
The bird had fled the leafless bower ;
I sought a home to memory dear,
The Ivy and the Owl were there :
The Rose was brushed by wintry wind,
But fading left a thorn behind.
Tho' love without his tendrils wound,
And built a flowery arbour round,
Within that little Spirit could not dwell,
For Pride was in his cell !

Around my soul there was a chain,
It passed, and I was free again.
A cup was at my lips, it pass'd,
As passes the wild desert blast.
Around me rose a wilderness,
And long I hung in deep distress,
I look'd around, I looked in vain,
That little Sprite came not again,
To the heart's lonely cell :
But as I gazed, oh then, instead
There rose Remorse, a shadow dread,
And in his arms I fell !

but oh, how changed ! I raised my eye,
And saw One bleeding on a Tree ;
Oh, that sad sight I dare not brook,
That Eye—it seemed on me to look !
It was that great all-seeing Eye,
So meekly, so forgivingly,
From Death's dark gate in agony,
That Eye it seemed to look on Me !

SADNESS.

I could sit, and sit and weep,
O'er my heart's sorrow ;
My wounds in blood Thou bidd'st steep,
Thy mantle borrow.

If most forgiv'n could most love,
Sweet were my sadness,
I should be a wing'd dove,
And drink wells of gladness.

But thoughts sin hath bosom'd long,
Chains by mercy riven ;
They like birds of darkness throng,
They load thoughts of Heaven.

I could sit, and sit and weep
O'er my heart's sorrow;
But on Thine arm Thou bidd'st sleep,
And wait Thy Morrow.

THE MOUN

REC

Oh, there be some int
With gentle spirits w
And ever leaning in
On some poor stay, tha
Or 'mid grey charnel
Hanging their purple
To grace corruption,
To weeds, vile weeds.
On Thy sustaining arm, a

We cannot bear ourse
Unless Thou bear us,
On Thee doth stay he
Then gently borne to
She puts on golden f
Wondering strange
 borrow.
A fairer Earth succe
Nature with rainbow
Put on her sabbath hues

And then the meek affections borne on high
Drink of ethereal air, and healthful grown
Put forth their blossom in a purer sky ;
Nature anew doth light her faded crown ;
And the poor soul not lonely, tho' alone,
Beneath her feels an all-sustaining hand,
All tenderly sustaining: chastenings own
A Father, and dark clouds that seem'd to stand,
In dews of freshness fall, and glad the weary land.

Is there aught sweet in gleams 'tween wintry cloud
Light'ning the storm's rent mantle? or in chord
Of gentle Music when the winds are loud?
Is there aught sweet in Friendship's parting word;
Or fall of Summer showers in stillness heard;
In moonlight beams with stormy seas that blend?
Is there aught sweet in song of lonely bird,
Singing 'tween showers, while Autumn gleams
descend?
'Tis that it speaks of Thee, our Father and our
Friend.

Thou art in the least flower that looks to heaven,
And art Thou not in that heart's inmost scroll
That leans on Thee, forgiving as forgiven,
Despised but not despising, while the soul

THE MOUNTAIN

Doth man herself in growing
From weakness felt in dung
Gathering immortal sinew, t
And nerve her wing to bear
And cleanse her eye to stand t
light?

Oh then, from the dark wor
From many-worded strife, a
Gently to steal 'neath Thy I
Meek suffering Spouse of th
Pillaring strength, and fill'd
spring
In golden sweetness; while
Thine own anointed Psalmis
And ages back reecho to the
Like rocks which hold the
sounding main.

CONSOLATION.

Blest Author of our better birth,
Methinks I have no wish on earth,
But Thee to love, and do Thy will,
Yet sin is with me still,
In action prone to seek the feebler part,
As streams the fountain speak, so action speaks the
heart.

'Mid wounded friends when yesternight
I seem'd to see, in streaming light,
Thy Hand 'mid clouds and shades between,
In showers of blessing seen,
Remorse behind was telling o'er her fears,
And 'neath a smiling eye the soul was full of tears.

Thus have I seen the mountain Wye
Steal from his alder canopy,
To bask awhile in sunny vales
His silver-glittering scales,
The dimpled surface caught the living gleam,
Then sought the shades again a cold and sombre
stream.

THE MOUNTAIN H

The bark all-wing to harbour
The beast to woodland cover
The dove to home by summer
But where shall sinner find
The wayward child with shame
His head where shall he hide, but

“ Ye heavy-laden, come to me
Ne'er voice that set a captive
Ne'er watery breeze on Arab
Ne'er Sun on Arctic strand
Ne'er native strain to heart of
So sweet as those blest words that

Dear words! still let me read
And on each Heav'nly accent
“ Come unto me,” ye grief-
Dear words on you I read
Henceforth I bow unto Thy
And turn to Thy dread Cross, my

REPOSE.

Oh, let me not distrust Thee more !
While wearily we onward press,
Still Thy Love flies our Fears before,
And meets us at each turn to bless:
Sad fancies cower with boding wing
Before, or clouds their shadow fling,
But at each turn 'tis Thou art there,
In azure sky and landscape fair.

The rose-bud trusts the zephyr's wing,
And doth unfold her tender bloom ;
The painted insect trusts the spring,
And doth unfurl her pictured plume.
The lark doth not do morning wrong,
But doth unbosom all her song ;
Thy love like light around us glows,
But we 'gainst Thee our bosoms close.

The star doth climb Heav'n's crystal stair,
To fill his grateful lamp with light ;
Earth feeds in fields of lucid air,
And giveth back in verdure bright ;

THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

The Sun at fountain of Thy beauty
Doth draw, and with life-giving
We live in th' ocean of Thy love
But Thee distrusting barren prove

Still thro' our prison-house dark
Looks, mocking at our destiny
And whispers in the sea-boy's ear
Of howling winds, and shipwreck
He opes his eyes on summer sky
The water-whirlwind passes by
His home expands her quiet shore
He smiles at what he fear'd before

Distrustful Fear, the child of gloom
He brings to fancy's brooding
The year's full urn in waters spilling
Or clos'd by dewless iron sky
Thou op'st Thine hand with plenty
And the full year is flowing o'er
With glad and golden plenteousness
We drink, the Fount forget to flow

The shades are varying while the sun
Unravels, and life's day-light
Thy Love doth still unchang'd
I have a home where Memory

Fresh thoughts, thro' fever'd scenes I range,
And find on all there is a change,
Still Ocean's bow is bended there,
Between the hills so blue and fair.

There is a change upon that home,
But there doth Memory still repair ;
Time's footsteps as they go and come,
A balmy freshness seem to wear ;
Each bird which there is fleeting by,
Seems moving in a fairer sky,
And the rude mountains which stand around,
They seem to me enchanted ground.

The Spirit's home is Thy dear love,
And all our changeful destiny,
In that Thy love doth sweetly move,
In th' house where Thou hast deign'd to be.
'Tis Love that makes the valley bright,
Love turns to pearls of silver light
Those sails on Ocean's mantle blue,
Love sheds o'er all a heavenly hue.

THE MOUNTAIN

THE STILL NIGHT

The sounds of distant C
Which come upon th
And scarce perceived e
Of fir-trees bathed in

The fitful dropping fou
From dingle deep bel
With the listening moun
That seems the soul t

The peacock's wild woc
Woke by the owl fro
And dog that seems to
The moon with clouc

These sounds for joy or
No longer are their o
But as remorse or gladr
Is speaking in their t

For Conscience's deep c
Do unto them belong
And Memory's hundrec
Have learnt a spirit's

SICKNESS.

Blest sickness, with thy silent chain,
And intervals of pain,
Sitting in thy still corridor,
We seem to Heaven's calm shore
Brought near ; and your sweet thoughts of peace
Seem gales from lands where sorrows cease,
And Hope hath nought to crave.

And pains that shake this shed of clay—
Stern searchers of decay !
Full welcome are the thoughts ye bring,
To seek a sheltering wing,
Until be past life's tyranny ;
And of a frame from suffering free,
Whose cradle is the grave.

And deep heart-crossings, sternly kind,
Like leaves on Autumn's wind,
My hopes have gone to make their bed,
By your keen breathing shed.
I watch them die, and not unblest
Turn to the winter of my rest,
Beside Death's silent cave.

and while calm thoughts my soul engage,
look from my evening hermitage,
Upon the stormy wave—

like the pale star of evening mild ;
What if nor friend, nor child,
'o watch my bed? less intervene
To hide that Friend unseen,
Death whose enfolding wing at last
The shadowy valley must be past,
In pity strong to save.

lost favour'd they beneath the Heav'n
To whom Christ's pledge is given—
Blest are the mourners ; whom I love
With sorrow I reprove.”
high heritage, to share the pain
With Thee. with Thee the blessing gain.

And in Thy beams on others shewn ;
They so become mine own,
Till joying in Thy love's sweet shower,
I make their gladness mine own dower,
In all Thy goodness gave.

So evil shall to me be good,
And my heart's solitude
Best company ; my music meet
Shall be the winds that beat
My crazy hut, and the rude storm,
The robe that wraps my Saviour's form,
Walking upon the wave.

THE MOUNTAIN

WALK TO THE

The flowers upon the mo
Like lonely spirits dw
Where beauty finds a pla
In many a secret cell.

And now the wild variety
Of sea-weeds on the sh
And shells of glorious an
Old Ocean's beauteous

There came in these a he
To thoughts of my des
A living and felt evidenc
Of sweet protecting ca

If thus His presence stan
In shell, and flower, an
To Him each want withi
And every pain is kno

And now I feel me strong
To join your living son
All animate, thou vocal n
With never resting ton

And ye that stand in gloom profound,
Like sentry of the strand,
Ye everlasting hills around,
A bold fraternal band.

And she that from her silver boat
Leans o'er the summer sea,
The moon, takes up the glorious note
In quiet majesty.

The moon, the mountains, and the sea,
Are in Thy sheltering hand;
But they are all no more to Thee
Than pebbles on the strand.

And though a sea of voices rise
Throughout the boundless sky,
Thou hear'st the inexpressed cries
Of one as mean as I.

THE MOUNTAIN F

AN EVENING SCE

A gleam breaks on the mountain
The sea is one dark mass of mol
But o'er it in the clouds a bar of
In whose wild distance opes a si
Of skies and waters, where in v
A vessel seems on fairy-land to
The valley 'neath our feet in eve
Dark-green and dewy freshness
Thick-set with golden fields, an
Stretch'd to the hills. Thus we
When Evening shall go forth in
East-ward on childhood's moun
Sea-ward are fancy's silver solit
Below times measured out in fru
These are the harvests of eterna
All else are things of God to ch

EXPRESSIONS OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Oh, now 'tis many many a day,
Since when my brother went away,
And I'm expecting him away ;
 Why comes he not, oh, tell me why ?

His little chair, 'twas yesterday,
I put beside me in my play,
I love him so with me to stay,
 And then I think he's sitting by.

When I'm asleep and dreams do see,
Then little boys do play with me,
Oh, do not ask me who they be,
 I wake, and all alone am I.

I this bright morning have been out,
And seen the lambs play all about,
But I do cry at their glad rout,
 Once with them played dear —— and I.

Be kind to little —— they said,
Because that his poor father's dead,
Does that mean where dear —— is fled ?
 If so, then I should like to die.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME

**You say that I have still a brother
And I do love him, but, O mother
My mother, is it not another?
That is the reason why I cry.**

FAREWELL TO THE WATERFALL.

Roar again, thou sounding waterfall,
Ever moving, yet the same !
By thee on the mountain side
Echo sits, a ghostly bride ;
And below in glassy calm
Her sister Shadow hath her hall ;
Where the skies 'tween rocks are seen,
Bosom'd in the waters green,
The restless Naiad at thy feet,
Finds her out a cradle meet.

Haste along, thou sounding waterfall,
In dread nature bear thy part !
Thus a voice in holier mood
Sounds to us in solitude ;
And its echo in the heart
The listening spirit doth appal ;
And the calm and deepening sky
On the secret bosom lie :
When on the rude world we are thrown,
The image and the voice are gone.

THE MOUNTAIN H

Speed away, thou sounding w
May thy voice on me abide,
Gladdening the stern mountai
And the woodlands with th
In thy twilight shades aside
To me a beckoning hand doth
I have many a field to cherish
Little flower that else may pe
The drooping herb and dying
Ere I reach my ocean pillow.

DEPARTING.

When first between me and my home
The mountain barriers come,
And Evening sets her gloomy bars,
And lights her house of stars ;
Then those I love are doubly dear,
And ills I've done are doubly sad,
I seem in silent sphere,
'Mid faces darkness-clad—
And life a mist of hurrying years,
Regrets and sighs and tears.

I seem all waken'd from the stream
Of an empassion'd dream,
Wherein we wrought our destinies
'Mid clouds of rolling seas :
It seems th' unravelling of life's scroll ;
What thoughts within that chain are bound ?
If ought doth wound the soul
'Tis that we others wound,—
Where shall I flee, and hide, and weep ?
'Tis but on Calv'ry's steep !

THE MOON

Sighs there become
Till Gilead all is t
Heart-searching Lo
Weight of each ot
We fain would mak
Tho' gleams upon th
Each hath his t
A dark and hid
Which thought of n
But there walk

Thy light alone can
Where silent sorr
(A Nereid in her w
With sea-weed-b
'Mid ruin'd hopes, '
She woo'd, when or
Sailing for som
Each day that
The robe which fell
Adds to Repen

EVENING BELLS.

Ye joys of my youth
Where are ye gone?
For those falling sweet bells
Seem to sing your farewells.

By some antique pile
Visitings sweet,
Like a dream have ye flown,
Left me sitting alone !

-
Lonely and weary
What shall I do ?
I will make me my bed,
And go sleep with you dead.

Little ones gone,
Happy are ye,
For your sleep is so still,
While sin's cup we but fill.

THE MOUNTAIN

With a dying fall
Thoughts o'er me
Yet in better hope clad,
In my sadness I'm glad

Streaks of the mornin'
Gone all away !
I love evening's soft light
More than all ye so bright

For gleamings that come
Thro' th' evening d
From a far better place,
Fall on sorrow's meek face

Then signs of decay
Welcome to you
If ye bind to Love's sho
Whence I wander no more

Then joys of my youth
Well are ye gone,
And those falling sweet
They may ring out your

RETURNING.

Ye rocky desolations, and dark heights,
And voice of watery solitudes afar
That break on Nature's stillness, where she sits
Girt with her mountain battlements, or sports
Unseen your winding haunts and caves among,
Flinging beneath the steep her robe of green !
Here, where amid her unstirr'd sabbath sits
Grim Loneliness, and silence sternly woos,
Ye seem like relics of some other world,
In your forlorn and naked majesty
Darkly reposing ; and the kindly shrub
Struggles in vain to clothe your jagged sides,
Save where scarce seen upon yon jutting brow,
Proud of its towering solitudes, a tree
Gathering its hold on perpendicular crags
Stands in the moonlight, looking down from high.

Ye solemn mountains, where old memories dwell,
And Childhood's thoughts, again to you I come,
And in your tranquil bosom seek repose,
But unto me ye bear no longer mine !—
They in their quiet sleep their sacred sleep,
Where never sound shall ever reach them more,—
Save that at which we all again shall meet !

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF MORAY, ST. PETER'S DAY,
1838.

Nothing of earthly mould must linger here,
Lest it should mar the comings on of sleep,
And break that solemn stillness, grave and deep,
Where God and His good Angels draw more near,
And that small Voice is heard, which mortal ear
Cannot discern. Slumber the hour doth steep,
And Heav'n is opening. Let no eye to weep,
Nor fleshly tongue be there, nor ear to hear
Divine Communion! Spirits of the good,
Come round him on the Heav'n-descended stair!
Martyrs and Fathers old, and Saints be there!
He of the ancient wisdom, good and true,
From th' Eucharistic springs hath drunk with you^c:
But here on earth it is but solitude.

^c There is an extract from his work on the Eucharist in the
Tracts for the Times, No. 81.

THE BEREAVED CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Is there no remnant left? hath the cold wind
Of pitiless Persecution left you bare?
Oft from the passing storm the aspen spare,
His whitening mantle doth around him bind,
The silvery birch hath his meek arms reclined;
But when calm eve returns again are fair,
Lifting their green heads to the mountain air,
Is there no holy remnant yet behind?
Ancient of Mothers, thou, when yet a child,
Didst shun proud walls and Pharisaic pride,
For Nazareth's lone moors and mountains wild,
Making thy home with humble fishermen,
And hadst not where thy holy head to hide;
On Caledonia's mountains wake again!

ST. DAVID'S.

Our own Menevia now deserted lies,
Of those forsaken whom her bounty fed ;
No longer now the pilgrim thither led,
Drinks heart-ennobling thoughts, but there describes
Her falling walls forlorn, until his eyes
Gush out with water, where her form half-dead
Forth from her mountains stands, as if to plead
Her sacred cause unto the sea and skies.
Her brows they bind with weeds of heresy,
And my lone spirit fain would hope of thee,
Thou wear'st unblam'd thy Master's crown of thorns,
Good Caledonian Angel ; but again
The yearning feels of her parental chain,
Turns to her country, and in secret mourns.

THE SAME.

Dear are her mountains wild, and stern, and free ;
And dear the sound of their descending streams ;
And dear on them the summer's glittering beams ;
And dear the woods on which the shadows flee ;
And dear her valleys opening to the sea ;
And dear those seas where parting Evening gleams ;
In absence dear your image haunts my dreams,
And after absence dearer still to see.
But where are now your pure Baptismal springs,
Whence flows the stream which all our freedom
brings?
Where is the Altar prized in holy eyes,
And waited on by white-robed Sanctities ?
Where low-bow'd Reverence tending sacred things ?
These thoughts of you to me in sadness rise.

The Riber's Bank.



The Riddle

A YOUTH

If I could sing of
And be a poet all
Then I would wish
Thence wake celestial
That might make
Turning my earth-bow

Then I in thought
Of Goodness, Mercy
Would bask in truth
Which from Truth
Till I should fill
With a Seraphic light,

And then o'er all
That little urn of
A halo of celestial
Till we in sound
Should hear o'er
A rising Seraph voice,

THE BANKS IN SUMMER.

Thou who hast lovely built o'er all
This bright and blue o'er-arching hall,
And spread abroad beneath our feet
 This verdant carpet sweet,
 Studded with leafy tuft and hill,
And threaded with the beads of many a purly rill.

Thou on the soul, which Thou hast made,
Who hast a bright expansion laid,
Eternity shed o'er its birth,
 Like Heav'n encircling earth;
 Set wild flowers o'er our ruin'd seat,
And many a home-found joy for weary pilgrims meet.

Sure Thou would'st have us gather thence
The holier mirth of innocence,
And soar on these Thy works so fair,
 As on a golden stair,
 To Thee, and where Thy dwelling lies,
O'er yon deep molten glass, and crystal canopies.

THE RIVER

Thy Sun with glowing
The azure dome above
And gives around
A verdant tapest
In him they all do live
In him the fresh'ning foun

Sun of the soul, 'tis
And beams encircling
That lights the spirit
That lights his heart
The palace of eternity
Thou walk'st,—Thyself t

THE BANKS IN AUTUMN.

Oh, now I see what beauties lay
O'er Summer's close,
And Autumn's calm betrothing with Decay,
With her last dying rose,
Sweeter than Spring.

'Tis that upon Consumption's cheek,
Blooming, though pale,
Out of some brighter world doth gently break,
And whisper a sweet tale
Of better things.

A calm awaiting seems to be
O'er leaf and wave ;
A calm undressing, all so silently,
For calmness of the grave,
Unrepining.

'Tis thus when, all its wanderings past,
On the still tide
The bark doth hang its idle sail at last,
And, like a shadow, glide
Into its rest.

The noiseless brook its banks along
Winds like a lake,
Save stilly heard a rippling under-song,
Whose passing eddies make
Silence more still.

If haply o'er the listening trees
Wanders a sound,
It seems a voice come from the distant seas,
Upon a message bound
Inland and far.

Upon the dread and dim serene,
Each thought that breaks,
And every breath that stirs the quiet scene,
A mighty Being speaks,
Whom we await.

Such is the awful calm they learn
Beneath Thy cross
Who fain would sit, looking for Thy return,
And count the world but loss
Thy love to gain.

A NOVEMBER SCENE.

O'er the bleak wold the dun autumnal sky
Hangs darkling ; far where Eve's ethereal clime
With showering darkness streams, the soul and eye
Get wings, and parley with the dread sublime.

It must not be—such thoughts but tempt the soul
To dizzy crags that look on vacancy,
And tamper with the Infinite, Control
Dropping the rein of her blest mastery.

But rather let me look where yonder breaks
The fragment of a rainbow—o'er yon hill
Eastward, 'mid the wild troop of shadows, flakes
Of glory, where the storm doth darkly fill,

Sleep calmly. All the Heav'ns are moving on,
And Earth doth need each lighter gleam to borrow,
To dress her calm awaiting, and anon
Count the bright pearls on th' Ethiop brow of sorrow.

THE RIVER

For our true Sun behind
Hath gone to build his c
Which ever and anon, th
Breaks forth upon the fa

The lark is lowly housed
Yon whitening willow, s
The solitary sheep-bell ;
Sunshine and Shadow se

Heedless below ; yet not
Doth both in sun and shu
And from these cheque
bow
For holy hope, a prison-l

'Tis Thou who tunest all
Be but subdued unto its
(Gathering from fitful ch
Till she discerns that ger

That bindeth all things i
Of mystic union, then th
O'er the lone pine, (like
Which learns the voice o

Shall be her music ; Autumn's manlier throat,
Shadow and Storm, bluff Winter's harbingers,
Sweetly shall blend with Summer's milder note,
Until the chasten'd heart serenely hears

Within that lowly chaunt a strain divine,
Which echoes back th' angelic harps on high,
Singing the great High-Priest, who at his shrine
Hath wedded all in holiest harmony.

For there is that within us, heavenly sown,
That gladdeneth in afflictions, and doth find
Sweetness in sorrow, and when Summer's crown
Turns to the yellow leaf, and the rude wind

Takes up its annual tale of stern decay,
Turns inward, and there finds that sleepless eye,
And secret deep beholding, 'mid the day
Forgotten, yet albeit ever nigh.

That Presence which to feel alone is life,
And harmony, and peace, and holy joy,
A fount within the soul with healing rife,
Turning to love each weary sad employ.

ABSENCE.

Busy Fear, unbidden guest,
To the eye of solitude,
Holding thy discolour'd glass,
Where the loved and absent pass,
Pale and wan, in sickly mood,
Black enchanter, let me rest !

Shall we then distrust our God,
And thus sit and sigh forlorn,
While about, beneath, unseen,
Comes Thy mighty hand between,
Bearing us from morn to morn,—
And with healing in Thy rod ?

Oft when Sorrow did appear
Up Life's glade, like some dark cell,
Lit within with precious things,
Shedding peaceful welcomings,
Was calm Peace's hidden well,
It was good to linger there.

At our side, the sad to own,
Art Thou still ! there doth prolong
Thro' Thy works to sorrow's ear,
If the soul be tuned to hear,
A sweet solemn undersong
That doth speak of Thee alone.

What is all the world counts loss,
Sickness, want, or widowhood?
Dark ways leading to the cell
Where Thy heav'nly comforts dwell,
And her arms meek Quietude
Folds, beneath Thy beaming Cross.

THOUGHTS AGAINST WEARINESS.

A chain is on my weary heart,
And I cannot look to Thee ;
 But in each effort still
 To do Thy holy will,
Thy strength and mercy hath a part,
And Thy right hand of victory.

We stand upon a mighty stair
Still day by day unfolded,
 From darkness and the cloud,
 From mortal eye that shroud
The eternal palaces so fair,
In gold and beauty moulded.

Through a twilight cave before
A Form His cross is bearing,
 Each day that from us steals
 For us a step reveals,
Where He the bleeding burden bore
To morrow disappearing.

A golden scale is hung aloof,
Here pride of earth declining,
Sinks, like the day from Heav'n,
To darksome gates of Even.
This mounts upon the Eternal roof
With stars of glory shining.

The Spirit, that with Wisdom's child
Dwells in each faint endeavour,
(Though spurn'd returning still,
Like that fabled Sybil,)
That house not made with hands must build,
Where dwells the soul for ever.

THE ANALOGY.

“ Though but a partial answer to the question, ‘ How we came to be placed in this state ? ’ yet it is a more satisfactory answer to another, which is of real and of the utmost importance to us to have answered—the inquiry, ‘ What is our business here ? ’ ” Part I. ch. v.

Butler, in lowliness divinely strong,
To whom the mighty key of Faith was given,
And Wisdom took behind the struggling throng,

And shew’d afar the golden stair of Heaven,
Muffled with clouds ! with thee, methinks, I see
The mists recede, and, ’tween the darkness riven,

Uplifted Nature, wed with Piety,
Looking to Him that died. With dark unrest
A fiend came on my tongue, “ And can it be ?

“ And is this all for slippery steps to rest ? ”
“ Who talks of rest where all around is motion ? ”
Replied an angel voice within the breast.

“ Go, talk of rest unto the rolling ocean,
To stars of Heav'n, unto the wandering breeze,
And cataract's choral voice of wild devotion !

All motion, all mutation, herbs and trees ;
All living, Earth and Heav'n ! And who art thou ?
On wheel of rolling summers, while at ease

Thou seest the banks recede behind Life's prow,
Beneath thy keel is the great shoreless billow,
Around thy soul is the eternal Now.

Sit not and weep 'neath Exile's shadowing willow,
But gather strength with strength, and light with
light,
Nor take wild ocean for thy resting pillow.

'Tis not enough for rest, but on—and write
' Blessed are they that faint not.' Heed not guile
Of Wisdom's folly, nor inquire of Night

Where she hath hid the Sun ; content awhile
Amid dun shadows, and Night's darkling noon,
To walk with the Moon's lamp, and hail each
smile

From her dim house of clouds, and thou full soon
Shalt come to light of the Eternal City,
That needeth neither Sun nor wintry Moon.

O haste, for Time is on the wing, and Pity
Doth stretch her arms to thee, and holy Love,
And Nature sings aloud her changeful ditty."

That Spirit spoke ; methought I look'd above ;
And then from 'neath my feet, all fearfully,
The world—the big round world—it seem'd to move.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

“ We consider persons as present, not only when they are within reach of our senses, but also when we are assured by any other means that they are within such a nearness. . . . And must He, who is so much more intimately with us, that *in Him we live, and move, and have our being*, be thought too distant to be the object of our affections ?” *Bp. Butler's Sermons on the Love of God.*

When a much-lov'd friend is nigh,
And we sit silently,
That silence is not solitude,
All things put on a social mood.

When we know that home is near,
And fill'd with inmates dear,
Home thoughts are hanging on each tree,
And people the dun vacancy.

The day when Jesus rose
Doth a brighter morn disclose,
All conscious of the Sabbath ray,
The very birds keep holiday.

Did we thus feel at our side
The Friend who for us died,
The world with love would clothed be,
And wear a glad philosophy.

Prayer is the holy gate
To the chamber of Thy state,
Which nearer and more near to Thee
Leadeth us—everlastingly.

A WAKING THOUGHT.

O'er the dark mountain,
Where the houseless shepherds roam ;
By the lone fountain,
Where the wild bee hath her home ;

To the desert strand,
Where the crown-bent palm-tree cowers ;
To moon-lit Lapland,
By the Geyser's watery towers ;

'Neath halls of ocean,
'Mid the rocks and glassy cells ;
Caves aye in motion,
Where the wondrous sea-snake dwells ;

On the white billow,
With the wild sea-bird at play ;
'Neath a grey willow,
With a dappled hind at bay.

Scenes out of number,
With her own bright night and day,
From chains of slumber
Where the spirit bursts away.

Born soon to sunder
The fleshly bars of earth,
And dwell in wonder
With the God who gave her birth.

AN ORPHAN CHILD.

Half hidden in its stony tower,
A woodland strawberry bloom'd alone,
And bore to Heav'n its little dower,
Unseen, unknown.

An orphan bird on a lone tree
Sat singing to the star of even,
Its song it seem'd so cheerfully
Of one in Heaven.

'Neath clouds that wrapt its early morning,
I saw a gentle blue-eyed child,
With hopes of Heav'n its nest adorning,
It sweetly smiled.

A CHILD TWO YEARS OLD.

Where have you been, my blue-eyed elf?
Ransacking all Nature's pelf,
To dress out that little self?
 Those locks so fine !
You stole them from the silk-worm's shelf,
 All his gold mine.

For lips you robb'd the vermil's dyes,
Those eyes you stole from summer skies,
That laughing sprite that 'neath them lies,
 Beyond bright even ;
That innocence of your blue eyes
 You brought from Heaven.

Sure they are come from some bright sphere,
Where there is Spring throughout the year,
Its music still is on your ear,
 A shadowy beam,
A spell that weaves o'er all things here
 A golden dream.

And while with you so merrily,
With your blue eyes I seem to see
O'er all around a gladsome glee,
 No care obtruding,
On bird and flower strange revelry
 And glory brooding.

Then let them laugh, my Lady blue,
At the hours I spend with you,
Oh, happy, happy, were it true,
 That all my days
Had been no worse than those with you,
 And your sweet ways!

My bonny blue-eyed Cherub thing,
A Cherub—had you but its wing—
But then, I know, away you'd spring
 With all your gladness,
Nor soil your sweet apparelling
 With sin and sadness.

What shall I call you? My bright gem—
Best jewel on Love's diadem—
A bud of Heav'n on Life's poor stem—
 A blue-eyed flower—
Star peeping thro' Night's blue-robed hem—
 Beauty's own dower?

Oh no ! you are—the little Bess,
A little spirit sent to bless
All about you—no more—no less—
 A pledge of love,
In casket of rich loveliness,
 From One above.

What are you crying, Lady dear ?
You've left His breast, but do not fear,
Your Heav'nly Father—He is here,
 Oh, do not spurn,
Wash'd with His blood His woes to bear,
 And then return.

THE CURE FOR REGRET.

When tearful Absence sits alone,
Then deeds unkindly done,
Woke by the stillness, come and cower
Round Memory's ivied tower.
(Oh, 'tis the bird of saddest wing,
In Sorrow's twilight hovering !)

Shall wounded spirit find relief
From such a sacred grief?
It is alone within Thy breast,
Dear God of peace and rest,
Bidding us leave with Thee the past,
If but our love may onward last !

It is with her whose holy form,
From colours of the storm
Made a bright mantle, on that hill
Sitting where all is still,
Save where dark shrouded forms draw nigh,
'Mid the dread gloom of Calvary.

THE RIVER'S

Yea, I have cast about
And tried all waters ;
To find sweet thoughts,
'Neath waters seen at
Peace shews below her
But is not in the world'

Yet if aright attuned th
In all she hath a part
On tuft and tree is dew
Though round us it l
And stars look forth fro
To tell His love till day

HEAVENLY SIGNS.

" He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say,
It will be fair weather : for the sky is red. And in the morning,
It will be foul weather to-day : for the sky is red and lowring."
St. Matthew xvi. 2, 3.

Oh, ask no sign from Heav'n ; ye know full well
All Nature's stops and changes, and from far
Each note prelusive from her unseen cell,
Of sunshine or of storm the harbinger ;
And all that speaks in comings on
Of Evening, when the western Sun
Is seen in beauty on the sea and sky,
With the Moon's silver boat in silence launching by.

Then from some pine-tree top a lonely hern
Looks forth ; and from afar are stilly heard
Steps of the storm, in acquiescence stern,
Retiring ; fitful sounds of nestling bird ;
And Echo, from her mountain cave,
Faint whispering to the drowsy wave ;
Then Hope, 'mid darkening shadows not unblest,
Wrapping her mantle round, resigns herself to rest.

THE R

And can ye not percei
This world of sorrow
(Which speaks a faire
In gentleness and m
Have ye no heart
The glowing foot
Where, 'mid this ea
'Mid things of man des

Have ye not seen Him
Beneath the guise o
One who hath gazing
Hath seen a more tl
And from behind
Where shrouded
She found an ear th
And an unwonted eye

Have ye not seen Him,
The lisping infant c
That look hath not to
But on your eyes tl
Which Satan mo
Upon the heart t
Earth's cherish'd to
And thence shut out
sky.

Oh, ask no sign from Heav'n ; catch but one note
From Nature's lyre ; from mount to listening vale,
What undiscerned sounds thus dimly float ?
Still does she utter one unvaried tale,—
That man is trembling, borne at will
Upon the verge of good and ill ;
Yet tells she not why daily doth she give
The guiltless Lamb to die for guilty man to live.

Still doth he live, still spared, still loved in vain ;
Yea, her appointed time the stork descries
In Heav'n ; and, faithful to her guide, the crane
Follows an unseen hand o'er pathless skies ;
The stranger swallows come and go
At Nature's beck ; the ox doth know
His owner. Thou in thine own ways dost dwell
Apart ; and Me thou wilt not know, Mine Israel.

Go, ask of Nature ; to the pensive ear
She whispers,—often widow'd souls, forlorn,
Have felt One at their side in mercy near,
Though they of fellow-men have been the scorn :
Yea, surely as God sits on high,
In wondrous meekness He is nigh ;
'Mid paths of lowly pity to be found,
And not where pride of earth and passion doth
abound.

There is a time when lowering sky
And clouds shall speak His coming nigh :
When rended Heav'ns, stars falling, moun
torn,
Shall usher in the wheels of the eternal Morn.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

Little child, upon thy bier,
There is a solitary tear ;
 But that tear is not thy mother's.
And by thine open grave is seen
Another little cell of green ;
 A lowly grave—but not a brother's.

Little child, thy days are past,
And none was painless but the last ;
 Unwatch'd but by a stranger's eye :
Yet through thy little days of pain,
Thou hast not lived and died in vain,
 Though seeming only born to die.

Little child, when thou shalt stand
Upon thy Saviour's blest right hand,
 And all is mute but charity ;
Oh then, the Angel bands among,
That tear shall find a trumpet's tongue,
 And plead for one that lov'd thee.

THE RIVER

“ USE NOT VAIN

When thou on bended knee

Think thou art let into Heaven

Where Cherubin and Sera

And on the silence of that

Thy feeble voice before the

Thus thou in prayer to Heaven

For thus thy words, thro' veil

But when earth's weight thou

Think, He who holds the

Is lowly laid within a marble

While howling winter sing

Think, that as now thy heav'nward thoughts grow faint
With sorrow's plaint,
He shews His dying wounds and pleads thy suit
While Heav'n is mute.
So Fear and Love may clothe thine offerings
With Angel wings.

SELF-DENIAL.

It were a lover's dream,
To shew in hardihood,
What on his secret thoughts doth gleam,
Sweetly in solitude.

The darker grows the din,
And dangers round her set,
The brighter burns the gem within
Ambition's coronet.

Were our love but the same,
To joy in sacrifice,
We like an angel on the flame ^a
Might mount unto the skies.

Counting our life for loss,
Would we but love our rod,
And render up each hourly cross,
Unto our King and God.

^a Judges xiii. 20.

Low is the door of prayer,
But found in chastening Lent,
That spell which holds with chains so rare
The o'erhanging firmament.

Our God hath built His throne
In secret, ever nigh,
And they who self disrobe alone
His Presence can descry.

CHRISTMAS.

Where is the cradle meet
For the Eternal Child?
It is within that sacred seat,
The lowly heart with sorrow reconciled.

We ask no vernal bud,
Nor summer flow'ret wild,
Stern winter 'neath her rugged hood
Hath seen her Lord, and patiently hath smiled.

Christmas, when all things wear
The glare of earthly glee,
Not gladliest then the heart doth hear
The chime of thy sweet calm festivity.

But when life's joys have gone,
With sere and yellow leaf,
The winter of the mind doth own
Balm of all wounds, Creation's blest relief.

THE PENITENT.

There was one sold his patrimony
A dear-bought dower,
That had come down from high
In a golden shower,
It was a loss that gold could never mend
The heart-blood of a Friend.
From out the world's dark den he came aside
A monster for the sun to see,
All hideous soil'd with foulest leprosy,
And he sat down upon the grass, and cried,

“ Is there no fountain that can wash again,
Has earth or Heav'n no spell,
Is there no talisman, no golden chain,
Can lift me up with life to dwell?”

There is a tree a lonesome vale doth fence,
That vale is penitence,
That tree 'tis said is daily dropping blood,
More holy than Archangel's food.

There is a fount where holy men do say,
 He that doth look for aye,
He shall become like that he doth behold,
 Borrowing a light more pure than gold.
There is a glass whereon he that doth bend,
 Shall see pourtrayed the Heav'n,
Till he forget what earth hath best to lend,
In the sweet hope that he may be forgiven.

FAITH.

When conscience grieves for what is past,
May I on Thee my burden cast,
Resolved in Thee to do my best,
 Resigned to leave the rest
With Thee—and so contented be
With what Thou thinkest best for me.

Resolved that I my part fulfil
In what I know to be thy will,
Resigned in that I will rejoice
 Which is in Thy dear choice,
If Thou wilt only in Thy love
Prepare me for Thy house above.

If this were but my constant heart,
That Faith in me would have a part
Which can the mountains set afar
 Which our obedience bar ;
By me—in me Thy will be done,
So shall I the glad way of Thy commandments run.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

I thank Thee I am not mine own,
But have to live in Thee alone,
Each passing day, each passing hour,
 To live in Thy great power,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
'Tis all Thine hand, Thine orderings.

'Tis blest to breathe in Thy sure love—
On Thee—in Thee to live and move—
'Tis blest each day to still live on
 In Thy sustaining Son—
Whate'er may come, it is all Thine,
To love Thee and obey be mine.

Onward still—and on I go
Rejoicing—be it wind or snow,
Sunshine or shadow—Thou the way
 Marshallest—may I obey :
Receive this offering which I bring,
'Tis Thou that givest me to sing.

“ LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

Now of those words the force I see,
Oh, “ keep me from Temptation free,”
And tho’ the wily self within
Hath been in parley seen
With treacherous foes that round me steal,
Yet it is good their force to feel.

When thoughts of weakness me appal,
To whom temptation is to fall,
I wish for wings to some safe nest
To flee—and be at rest^b,
That I may scape the stormy wind,
And never-dying worm behind.

Yet better trembling thus to go,
That we may more our weakness know ;
Then come, sweet Psalmist, to my breast,
In “ better soul confest ;”
In God I trust, then why should I
Like bird unto the mountain fly^c?

^b Ps. lv. 6.

^c Ps. xi. 1.

I walk on hidden flames—but Thou
Orderest my goings—and I bow,
But tremble—Oh by these my tears,
 And agonizing fears,
Take up the shield and buckler, still
Guard Thou and keep my soul from ill !

REMORSE ALLEVIATED.

Unschool'd affections, strong and wild,
Have been my playmates from a child,
And strengthening in the breast unseen
 Poison'd the fount within,
That might have aye flowed calm and clear,
From the deep sea of Love that doth our life endear.

And now my heart is growing cold,
And I am half way to be old,
A holier love must I make sure,
 More gentle and more pure ;
Alas, how much to heavenly ways
Is lost, to him who sleeps the morning of his days!

But better now begun, tho' late,
Ere yet the heart be desolate ;
In him who only sits to sigh,
 That love shall droop and die ;
Who on the path of duty run,
Shall fan that dying torch into a golden sun.

“ Who keep my words my love shall learn,”
Jesu, 'tis now to Thee I turn,
With all my work to be begun,
 So feebly is it done ;
The cloud on evening's welkin climbs,
So grows in many an alp the mountain of my crimes.

It is indeed a gloom of clouds,
And all the light of comfort shrouds ;
My soul will I in sorrow steep,
 In secret sit, and weep
Those stains away, in freshening dew,
That so that cloud may fall, that sun break forth anew.

A yellow gleam falls on the wood,
A bird sings in the solitude,—
That bird—it seems to sing to me
 Of better things to be,
Night comes,—but see, on yon dark pile
The sun hath lit a chair where Hope may sit and
 smile

ILLNESS OF ABSENT FRIENDS.

If earth hath sorrow sore,
It is when those are pining whom we love ;
Each Duty spurn'd before
Knocks loud at the heart's door,
And every Love that slept but wakens to reprove.

But warm'd at sacred fire,
Kindled by grief, letters come forth to life
Unseen before, and stir
Into live character
The lineaments of forms with holy teaching rife.

Here is that suppliant one
Of Canaan, now half-hid, now forward stealing ;
Here watching o'er his son
The helm'd centurion ;
Here Lazarus' sister meek in tranquil patience
kneeling.

In kindred grief made dear,
That suppliant band I join, in sadness bold,
Oh, art Thou now less near
In sorrow or in fear,
Or dost Thou love us less than Thou didst them of old ?

THE RETROSPECT.

So runneth o'er my cup,
That if I think thereon my heart will break,
My eyes are full of tears, I cannot speak,
But unto Thee look up.

My cup hath long run o'er
With blessings crown'd, many and multiplied,
And daily, from the fount of Love supplied,
On thankless me they pour.

Parental bearings kind,
And tenderest leadings of Thy gentle care,
From wildering ways to pastures calm and fair,
Serener thoughts of mind.

Evils which turn'd to good,
And wishings cross'd, which I have seen full soon,
Had led to th' house of sorrow, and Thy boon
Of better things withstood.

Occasions lost, which seem'd
To go in anger, but came back and smil'd,
And seem'd to me in pity reconcil'd,
So better strength I deem'd.

With solitude to cope,
And sweet disseverings from worldly wealth,
That I might go down to my grave in stealth,
Not without peaceful hope.

Spared kindred, friendship's best,
And such as e'en to think of were alone
A hive for wintry hours, tho' they were gone,
And they too not unblest.

And these thus numberless
Only that I might on Thy bosom rest,
And in Thee be resigned to be blest,
Sole Fount of Blessedness !

For these all nothing are
Without Thee, like the stars by night which shine,
They only by reflection are divine,
But in Thee doubly dear.

A SUMMER EVENING.

The Moon is in her azure tower,
 Like the Heav'n's bright eye,
The nightingale beneath her bower
 Singing joyfully.
There is that o'er Earth and Heaven,
And the cloudless gate of even,
Tells the tenants of this ball,
Tho' around them be a thrall,
They are something more than all
 That they seem to be.

These foldings up of daylight speak
 Something to be done,
And voices all around us break
 Of a parting Sun.
Mortal, tho' around thy path
Death and sickness speak of wrath,
There are gleams of brighter proof
Mingling 'neath the solemn woof—
But yon pilgrim down Heaven's roof
 To the goal hath run.

ANOTHER.

It is a sacred calm,
Nature looks forth from the eye of closing day,
And on heart-feverish mortals strives to lay
Her sweet and holy balm.

The moon behind the scene
Hath climb'd, and gazes on the shaded hill,
Terraced with varying woods, so wildly still,
And dark green spots between.

Silence might here her nest
Build undisturb'd—save waters stilly heard
At interval, and solitary bird
Singing herself to rest.

She stops—and still she sings,
And sings, O shame in such a scene
To think that storm is stirring now in men,
And gathering evil wings.

But truce to thoughts so drear,
'Twere treason against Nature's sacred smile,
Thou fiend of sly Rebellion, drop awhile
Thy mask—come and look here.

Sweet lesson here imprest,
Calm as the skies deep in the waters laid,
That Thou would'st have us walk 'neath Death's dim
shade,
Not cheerless or unblest.

But e'en from Nature's store
Gain happier thoughts our better hope to dress,
And in subdued and silent lowliness
Lean on Thee—more and more.

THE OMNIPRESENT FRIEND.

Night's solitudes were hung on high,
The thought that One was walking nigh,
Came like the music of the sphere;
The sea-bird anchor'd without fear,
And weary men were in their sea-borne nest,
All 'mid the dread immense seem'd slumbering on
His breast.

At social hearth, where Love's meek balm
Was tempering with a holier calm
The mortal joy that wakes the tear—
'Twas Cana's Guest was sitting there ;
And at the bed of widow'd eld rever'd,
I saw One sitting by, and seeing Him I fear'd.

If but content with Thee to be,
More near than mortal eye can see,
More near than mortal ear can hear,
Should we for ever feel Thee near ;—
But bow'd to earthly schemes we wander on,
Till raised on high we start to find ourselves alone.

Thus stray'd to some rock-crowning sod,
By nothing but the sunbeam trod,
Some heifer sees the evening close,
And to the herdsman tells her woes,
Calls from afar, and doubts not of His aid;
Happy ere all too late who find that they have stray'd!

EVIL OUT OF GOOD.

O heavenly Love, thy beaming look
Hath sternest shapes with beauty dight,
And oft relieved the darksome nook,
With neighbourhood of fairer light,
Till e'en each harsh and ruder sound
Into thy melodies is bound,
So blended hope with cries of want,
That all may have a place in the celestial chaunt.

Thus have I seen in sabler tress,
A spirit that would all behold
In garbs of its own heaviness,
So set 'mid minds of sweeter mould,
That on its darkness there were thrown
The thoughts of gladness not its own,
Like cypress dress'd with sunny dew,
Or crown'd with trailing flowers a dark unsmiling
yew.

Thus have I seen to deeds of blame
 One hurried on by towering thought,
Till brought down to the door of shame,
 In his own net the Watcher caught,
Till drooping 'neath Remorse's thrall,
He all his verdant leaves let fall—
 They wither'd, all around him spread,
Have cherish'd his lorn rest, and dress'd his wintry
 bed.

Thus have I seen a temper wild
 In yokes of strong affection bound,
Unto a spirit meek and mild,
 Till chains of good were on him found.
He struggling with his deep distress,
As in some dream of loneliness,
Hath found it was an angel guest,
While round him leaned the stars from crystal cars
 at rest.

And thus from earthly hopes decay'd,
 Purer affections rise to Heaven,
As when a sylvan bird hath laid
 In hollow trunk, by lightning shriven,
Some berry wild—the wither'd root
Sees springing forth a foreign shoot,

And o'er her wave a fairer stem,
With graceful tapering bower and coral diadem.

As if some Angel hither sent
Turn'd clouds to a bright crystal pile,
Had train'd sweet flowers o'er Nature's rent,
And taught her ruggedness to smile ;
That we might learn from birds of air,
Their lesson sweet of peace to share ;
If we will flee beneath His wing,
Assur'd that every ill shall its own comfort bring.

Why need I fear when Night may come,
If it will bring its Moon and Star ;
Or what to me is Sorrow's gloom,
If it will shew me worlds afar ?
May we but keep a constant mood,
Thus changeless thro' vicissitude,
Till in the strength of holy love,
We see things in the light in which they're seen
above.


HOLY COMMUNION.

O Saviour, from Thy bleeding fount of woes,
Thy Cup of Love o'erflows ;—
Not to me only these Thy dewes,
Which life and health diffuse,
But unto mine in distance found,
May this blest tide abound,
Which creeps to roots of desert flowers half-dead,
Woke by the touch they live, and bow the thankful
head.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

When clouds awoke by Sorrow's wand,
Come o'er the soul in heaviness,
Sweet is the thought of Heav'n beyond,
A cave of holy quietness;
Like day beneath the waters seen,
Hous'd in a deep and blue serene,
A strange unearthly deep repose,
'Mid hanging rocks all calmly laid,
But touch'd not by their dark'ning shade,
The towers of Heaven beyond Earth's woes.

When things once fairest fade and fail,
And Autumn winds of ruin sing;
Then Fancy takes her soothing tale,
Of scenes beyond the whirlwind's wing.
Such as the optic lights disclose
Within the bosom of the rose,
Bedrop'd with silvery glistenings,
Where shadowings oft come and go,
From dim alightings to and fro
Of angels shaking balmy wings.



THE R

When troubles thic
 'Tis the Dove's v
When foes and dan
 A calm beyond t
When winds assail
It is the thought of
When God's own /
 It is a safe and c
 Where wicked n
And where the we

Where'er our sleep
 That hope's the
Where'er our eartl
 It blends with t
As light which in
Doth its celestial c
With vapours, wh
 A hope beyond
 Tho' dress'd by
Like Heaven's bli

O worse than foll
 And fill the eve
With idols of this
 Forgetful of ou

The earnest given and promise sure,
The strength thro' weakness pledg'd secure ;
And leave that better hope so fair,
 To be but like a passing ray,
 Which, by some weary traveller's way,
Plays on a gleaming sepulchre.

O blessed Lord ! the thought of Thee,
 When clouds our fairer visions mar ;
When we are not where we would be,
 And dearest friends are set afar ;
The thought that 'tis Thy ruling will—
The thought that Thou art with us still,
Nearer than ear or eye can know,
 Art with us still in life or death,
 In blooming life or failing breath—
'Tis all of Heav'n we need below.

The gleams which come on Autumn's wood,
 The Moon that from her silver boat
Looks out at noon in solitude—
 Wing'd flocks in evening sky that float—
The Sun that springs from dying Night,
And shoots her thro' with shafts of light,
Into her breast again to fall—
 Soon shall we bid you all adieu,

Shapes ever fading, ever new,
Which people Nature's earthly ball.

The winning guileless fantasies
Of little children round our feet ;
The thoughts of age by suffering wise,
Listening to sounds by distance sweet;—
And things divine that hidden lie
In silver shrines of poesy;
Glad meetings after tearful woes,
Like dews of night with rays of morn,
And all the joys of suffering born,
To you in cloud my eyelids close,

To open on another scene—
It is the dread reality,
To which all sights that yet have been,
The earth and sea, the stars and sky,
Are but a shadowy land of sleep,
Where day and night their sentry keep
Around that great eternal seat.
From out this mighty womb of things,
Tried and found meet, by heavenly springs
May we awake at Jesus' feet !

THE BANKS REVISITED.

The sound of wind on a dry barren moor—
A river stealing from a woodland nook
Around a winding pasture—on the shore
A solitary sea-bird—a lone book

In some wild cottage by the casement seen,
Saintly, and fill'd with lore of olden times—
A cataract whitening in the deep ravine
Around a rock—the distant evening chimes—

The watery gale, that in the window sings
His melancholy music,—choral sounds
Along cathedral roofs borne on sweet wings—
A wither'd tree on youth's enchanted grounds;—

Such things to me do make to overflow
Fountains of recollection which lie deep;
Wonderfully are we made, nor aught we know
Of what we are, or shall be after sleep.

Fearfully are we made, launch'd to the wind
On shoreless sea of Being ; from within
A thousand echoes call to us, behind
Voices we thought were gone, but sleep unseen ;

Merciful Saviour ! let me cling to Thee, oh ! not
In the wild haunts of feeling, but in ways
Of self-abasement, which have not forgot
Washing Thy children's feet ; our dull hearts raise

To seek Thee, all things speak of what is gone
Or going,—down the unheeding stream we sail,
And at each turn, behold some ruin lone
On summer slopes, or the autumnal vale,

In tearful recollection stretching far
Our eager hands, as evening sunbeams steal
From fading landscapes, while the billowy car
Bears on, and Ocean's sounds are 'neath the keel.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

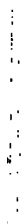
The Sacred City.



The Sacred City.

THE SACRED CITY.

Thy natural grace hast thou thine own to call,
Thy an assemblage of majestic towers
Fitting their varied shapes o'er verdant bowers,—
And fairest lights from Heav'n, oft seen to fall
From neighbouring hill, tall spire, or hoary hall,
Bending its greyness with a silver shower,
Enrich'd by whose charm and strange transforming
power,
The stranger lingers, while some mouldering wall
Betrays forth in beauty. No fell spoiler's hand,
Nor rob thee of that crown of golden rays,
Looking to Heav'n from an apostate land !
O ye of Peace, let others speak thy praise,
Ours to hold to thy parental hand,
And venerate and love thine ancient ways !





No natural grace
But an assemblage
Lifting their vail
And fairest light
On neighbouring
Kindling its grey
Touch'd by who
power,
The stranger line
Comes forth in beauty
Can rob thee of thy
Looking to Heaven
City of Peace, let
Be ours to hold it
And venerate an

He hath forgot his warrant, to his eyes
In dread Baptismal founts the virtue dies ;
From week to week no Eucharistic calls ;
From day to day sits Silence in these walls,
Mourning neglected Litanies.
How can he lift his voice ?

Mitred Apostie, where art thou ?
Doth he unread the writing ? doth he stand
With the dread key in hand
In palace hall ? hath he his title borne
From them to whom the adored Name is scorn ?
Hath he from walls whereon he sentry kept,
Gone into Mammon's city, and there slept ?
And is his lock of strength all shorn ?
Can he not cry aloud ?

Our crown'd Defender —— ! ah, alas !
While the wheels hasten on that dreadful morn,
In noiseless silence borne,
We are all mute with shame, and hang the
head ;
Lord, at Thy shrine let us lie down, and plead
That holy blood once more, O help us now !
Like watery streams to cherish or o'erthrow.
Men's reckless spirits Thou dost lead,
King's hearts are in Thy hand.

THE

ECCLES

Hor. Epod. xvi. l. 39. ^a

Hence with unmanly
Fleet by the ill-fated
Still faithful, us vast
Flowing blest isles a

Earth's doom of toil n
There the true Vine
Nor His own olive c
Nor fig-tree ever fou

But streams of honey
From everlasting hill
In gladness springs ;
By waters still with t

No evening foe can p
With watchful circuit
With hidden vipers t
More shall we there s

^a St. John xv. 2.

For ever happy—how no watery wind
Can come our better hopes and us between ;
Nor sun to grain it foster'd prove unkind ;
But all is tempered to a glad serene

By the King's countenance: no armed band
Hath e'er come near to vex that quiet shore,
Nor ought polluted ever touch'd the strand :
No toil of restless man could e'er explore

Aught of that bliss, nor thought on venturous sail ;
There ne'er been heard poor Nature's suffering cry,
From flocks contagion-struck, or 'neath hot gale
And starry influence breathing piteously.

Such seats the Father laid up for the good,
What time the golden bloom, which had its part
In blissful Eden, turn'd to hardihood
Of brazen front, and thence to iron heart,

Of these our latter days, most sad of all,
Spurning a better love! Oh, sad to see,
And yet foretold of yore^d! my warning call
Hear ye, and to the Ark of Refuge flee!

^d St. Matt. xxiv. 37.

THE ARK OF CHRIST'S CHURCH.

What though winds and waves assail thee,
What though foes in scorn bewail thee,

 Heaven-bound Ark of Liberty ;
'Mid the sheeted lightning's glare,
'Mid the thunder's cloudy lair,
Where dark waves meet lurid air,
 Shalt thou breast the stormy sea !

Thy true course shall ne'er deceive thee,
Thy tried Helmsman never leave thee,---

 Onward while the world shall last.
Star within the tempest's shroud,
Bow to bind the thunder-cloud,
Music soft when winds are loud,
 His sure word is on the blast.

Where the Monsoon's wing is folding ;
Where the Moon her court is holding

 'Mid stern Winter's palaces ;
Where Ohio rolls his pride ;
There thy faithful dove hath hied,
And hath sought thy sheltering side,
 With th' immortal branch of peace.

By His dying promise given,
By thy harbour in the Heaven,
Let the wild winds tell their tale ;
By the hearts in His command,
By the gales hid in His hand,
Onward ! to that silent strand,
Lift aloft the solemn sail !

Clouds afar thy course are bounding,
Yet the light thy sails surrounding,
Marks a path in gloom for thee.
Onward ! leave the weary world,
Every venturous reef unfurl'd,
High and bright thy pennon curl'd,
Heaven-bound Ark of Liberty !

FEAR AND LOVE.

I. 1.

Thou that sitt'st in sable stole,
In the light that's in the soul,
Beyond where lictor hath his reign,
With his axe and with his chain,

O holy Fear !

Fled from where the wild world's glare
Gilds the palace of despair,
To thy throne would I draw near,
And thy temples calm and clear ;
Where 'neath thy feet, in pensive mood,
Silence sits with Solitude ;
And the Virtues all appear
In the solemn gloom that's there,
Earthly tho' they seem and dim,
Like to veiled Seraphim.

2.

Star that liftest up thy light,
In the house of this our night,
Come from where the circles glow
All around my Saviour's brow,
O holy Love !

Hide me 'neath the angel wing
Of thy bright enveloping.
All around, beneath, above,
Lights and sounds in darkness move ;
If thy music be within,
I will fear no earthly din,
While thro' the dark I walk and sing,
Him who is my God and King ;
And within a Father's name
Hide my head in tearful shame.

3.

As the star within the cloud
Fairer for that silver shroud ;
Rainbows in the darkest storm
Lovelier set their glowing form ;
As the beryl in the mine
Brightest doth in darkness shine ;
As the Joy we sweetest hail
Which comes wrapt in Sorrow's veil ;
Thus Love and Fear together dwell,
In the enfoldings of one shell,
Like two spirits of the seas,
Moulding mystic harmonies.

II. 1.

Fear in the wisdom come from Thee,
Beholds a Hand man cannot see;
Amid his crimes it holds the rein,
Laying an unseen chain ;
They swell themselves to mountains in their war,
And lash'd by Passion's gale,
Lift up their shining heads, but o'er Thy bar
Cannot prevail.

2.

Love thro' the darksome avenue,
Doth ope beyond a sea of blue ;
Her breast won back her froward child,
That played on summits wild ;
And when the sadder dream on his unrest
Its gleaming shadow flings,
Scared at the sight, unto his parent's breast
He closer clings.

3.

When April clouds on Heav'n's blue walls are
piled,
The bird most sweetly sings ;
Fear led the outcast to the Arabian wild,
But Love reveal'd the springs,

Where Nature's living cup,
Emboss'd with ivy crown and lichen green,
Is ever springing up ;
By man forgot it slumbereth not ;
But still, unsought for and unseen,
In their own quiet home the fountains move,
Which spring from 'neath the throne of aye-enduring Love.

III. 1.

But when the cup is full, or on the morn
Of some glad promise, Fancy on the scene
Pours rays from all her urn, Hope winds his horn,
Thy judgments walk unseen.
Then I will hold me in Thy Fear ;
He who would not think Thee near,—
When Success had fill'd his sail,
Like some demon in the gale,
And the waters gaily shone
On the smiling summer noon,
Beneath the calm were thunders strown,—
He went in silence down.

2.

But when the voice is still,—the cup o'erthrown,—
In desolated halls the harp lies broken,—

Or Grief 'neath the church-yard tree
Sits, or by th' o'er-clouded sea,
Thence shaking light from off his wings,
Hope on silver sandal springs,—
A boat is seen—a guiding star—
And isles that gleam afar.

3.

Then while this azure hall I hold,
By cloud and sunshine built of old,
Thus may ye both be aye with me,
And clothe me with humility.
So may I live a weaned child,
And pass this ill world undefiled:
And if the praise of man I hear,
Then will I hide me in Thy *fear*:
When his reproof my heart would shake,
Thy *love* will I my refuge make.

IDEAL ANTICIPATIONS.

“ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” 1 Cor. ii. 9.

Deep in the caves of mind,
Beyond where thought hath birth,
A form of heavenly beauty is enshrin'd :
Amid its shadows here on earth,
And all throughout Art's weary reach,
Wherever Sense can teach,
In every nook around our house of pain,
For something fair we seek, but seek for it in vain.

Though wrecks of Eden's grace,
And gleanings dimly bright,
Nature hath stored in her own hiding-place,
And half reveals to human sight ;
With her light wand, if Fancy flies
Before the ear and eyes,
Within her glass there is a fairer syke,
And dim and dun the lights of cold reality.

Or when the dark blue hall
With stars is lighted up,
Full of strange eyes ; and haply one o'er all
So beautiful, that Fancy's cup
Runs o'er ; still all that is beheld
Speaks more left unreveal'd ;
As when in woodland haunts and alleys green,
Behind each rock and tree, flies Nature's fairy queen.

And some, in marble mould,
Have toil'd with form and mien
That unpourtrayed image to unfold,
And named some fabled thing unseen—
Something they know not, yet would love,
Apollo, Pallas, Jove—
Then turn away ; 'tis in the bosom pent,
And all that art can do is vain and impotent.

And some with tuneful shell,
And all th' enchanting beat
Of sounds made musical, have sought full well,
With wreathed phrase and windings sweet,
And images most manifold,
The unearthly grace to mould ;
As when good Homer pour'd his soul in song,
And Spenser wander'd forth in magic fancy strong ;—

In wonder's twilight porch,
And spirit-haunted ground,
'Mid shapes and shades lit by his wizard torch,
He sought for something yet unfound:
Behind the veil a form hath stood,
For ever fair and good ;
More than his soul had known, or spirit sung,
Led by th' enchantress Hope her fairy haunts among.

Yea, what is human love,
When her impassion'd sense
Makes all in earth below, and heav'n above,
To speak her own deep eloquence,
Till they obsequious homage pay
Unto a thing of clay ?
'Tis that she borrows from that ray within,
And thence a halo weaves around a child of sin.

Vain soul, where dost thou run,
Wander'd from thine own place,
In which obedience held thee round thy Sun ?
Thy clue regain, thy thread retrace,
Ere the gate close for evermore,
For dark and low the door !
Ah me ! is this the door, and this the way ?
Alas ! I tremble sore ; let us kneel down and pray.

To calmer thoughts 'tis giv'n
That image to descry,
Most lovely, yet unloved ; the veil is riv'n
If cleans'd by prayer the earth dimm'd-eye,
Embosom'd in celestial light
Far in the womb of night ;
And we may aye approach Him, till we see
Unharm'd, and Faith be lost in boundless Charity.

As one that turns away
From grave or death-bed dear,
Buoyed by a manlier sorrow, through life's day
That cherish'd form in heart to bear,
Till all things done for that dear sake
Shall of that love partake ;
So may we watch Thy steps, till, unproved,
We too may drink Thy light, and love as we are loved.

O blessed and calm Hope,
May I in thee grow bold,
In thee of all affections hold the scope,
And the soul's anchor, and behold
In thee, as in some watery well,
The eternal citadel ;
While to thy breast no ruffling gales draw near,
Nor earth-born clouds come o'er to dim that vision
clear.

Then hence, ye thoughts of praise,
Suggesting visions vain,
And ye heart-stealing schemes, with syren ways,
'Tis ye that lay on prayer the chain !
Ye hopes that cling to earth, come home !
Ye lead the soul to roam,
And clothe with wings, till, all her wanderings o'er,
She sits at home and sighs to find that she is poor.

But, locks of blending grey,
And thoughts that haunt the wind
Which comes to bear Summer's last leaf away,
Wrecks and decays which Fancy bind,
Full welcome are the hopes ye bring ;
By your sweet odorous wing
Near we, refresh'd, to happier shores, and strive,
As we would live, to pray,—and as we pray, to live !

Through the dim vale of life,
Thus walk'd the good of old ;
E'er thus unharm'd, 'mid scenes of worldly strife,
'Mid kindred, home, and pastoral fold,
With scrip and staff in hand appear,
Like some girt traveller ;
Firm fix'd the pilgrim eye, and yearning still
For some calm spot of rest beyond Eve's gleaming hill.

THE SACR

SPRING AN

Spring's foun
Is bubbling u
My spirit sin
And I have v
Torch of Hea
Shakes his go
In shadowy l
I see a hand,
" Come away
I obey,
Exile on a foreign

Go and look on s
It is like a lake o
Or a snake in sur
Sleeping placidly
Set the sail !
Odorous breezes

Tell me where your island lies,
'Neath the lid of summer's eyes,
Where Joy without his wings is seen,
And Peace at rest,
May dress her nest,
Lift the sail
To the gale!
Not that I would love to roam,
But this place is not my home.

III.

Silent wind,
In what cave
Art thou reclin'd,
Or upon some opening rose
In repose?
What is this that doth becalm
The moveless wave,—
Amphitrite all asleep,
In blue chambers deep?
Gentle Spring,
With touch so bland
Of thy wand,
Thou stirr'st the soul to feel her wing,
Till she beats against the cage
Of her iron hermitage,

And her bosom bleeds ;
Then most she feels her chain and fleshly
weeds,
And 'mid all nature's stirring leaves,
She sits and grieves.

IV.

Autumn, what is that so bare,
Stripping off thine auburn hair ?
Why at me thus take thy stand ?
Wind piping loud
From out thy cloud
Doth unfold
Thee stern and old !
What is that within Thy hand ?

umn. " 'Tis a spade
A grave hath made."
What are those that lie behind thee ?
umn. " Fetters which I bring to bind thee."
O Friend most kind,
I like thee not,
Go again to where the wind
Is busy on the thatched cot,
And jumps anon from straw-rent eaves
To play with troops of wither'd leaves.

V.

Autumn. " I come to break thy prison bars
Which here I bury,
That thou may'st hie thee to the stars
Of earth so weary !
Chains of decay I bring to bind,
To let go thy mind,
Clouds and gloom profound
To my car are bound,
That thou may'st thy spirit bow
To thy chains,
And remember what is now,
And what remains !"

VI.

Wind away, and leave the sail,
I would be alone !
Spring away with fragrant gale
And flowing zone,
Borne upon thine azure chair
By zephyrs fair !
Thoughts penitential, sternly kind,
Upon the hollow-sounding wind,
That blows aside Autumn's lank hair,
And shews his forehead bare,

THE SA

Come to me !
I would be
With thoughts
And solitude ;
Dress my abo
And with me
Ye become my
And crazy sho
Till Autumn I
Thoughts that
While the wat
With axe and
And looks at
A barren tree.

Go and look u
It is all like m
Leaden panop
A field with tl
Gather in the
And listen for
I would be alc
What is that in
It is meek Me
Stretching out her arm

And afar from murky shroud
There streams a silver cloud !
O shadows of things true !
Lord, Thy Judgment's coming on,
And I have much to be undone,
And much to do !

THE ADVENT.

"In my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself,
and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." *Job xix.*

Mortal eye shall see Thee soon,
Ear shall hear Thee ! it may light
In the calm of summer noon,
Or in silence of the night,
When Thy glory from afar shall be known,
As beneath Thy feet the sky,
Bends her crystal canopy,
Seen in terror's panoply,
Coming down.

As on the stricken lyre
When th' unnumber'd trembling goes,
Or the flood of morning fires
Breaks upon the night's repose,
The Universe shall rise at Thy coming !
When the Sun shall make his bed,
Moon and stars shall shake with dread,
And th' Archangel, at whose tread
Earth shall ring,

Shall descend with a shout !
I, in flesh, shall stand and see
Countless multitudes throughout,
Thy full countenance on me !
'Mid innumerable hosts on each one,
As in grains on glittering beach,
As in waves in ocean's reach,
With his full-orb'd eye in each
Shines the Sun !

Again, as Man below,
Though for justice armed, yet
O'er Thee love's celestial bow,
Like a radiant glory set,
Encompassing the terrors of Thy throne,—
As beside Thy tomb of yore,
Or by Galilean shore,
In the form that dies no more,
Seen and known.

As caught from Bethany,
In a cloud of glowing sheen ;
As on the right hand on high,
By the dying Stephen seen,
Binding in Infinity to a span !
As when girt with golden zone,
As when on the cloudy throne,

THE SA

By Thy loved disc
Son of Man !

O thought, to spir
Soothing sweet, w
Death withdraws t
And th' Accuser st
In pitying flesh to
Form the failing h
And the sinking ey
Seen again, as then
Yet Divine!

Not as on Sinai's h
Nor with Glory's v
But to our weak m
Tempering Thy fu
That we may to ou
To Thy searching,
Lo, beneath Thy f
Lord, a sinful man
Stay with me !

Hope's lamp that li
Faith the pilgrim's
With her mantle or
Love shall stand, L

Then let Love Thy knowledge gain even now ;
Where the lowest place is found,
Mercy's hand, or Sorrow's wound,
Where chaste thoughts with prayer abound,
There art Thou !

I.

O Vanity, O vanity, O vanity !
Amid the dead that man should be,
And yet forget he hath to die,

O vanity !

Thousand generations sleep
All about us, but we creep
'Mid their shadows to the moon,
All forgetful,—ah ! too soon !—
We converse hold with learned shelves,
And make companions, but themselves—
Where are they now ? but all and one
To the everlasting city gone.—
Where are they of whom we read ?
What means that word, the dead ?

O vanity !

We talk of friends, the good and great,
Who from the crowd lift up their state,
Anon between still busily

II.

O vanity, O vanity, O vanity !

I saw one wring his hands and cry,

O vanity !

That we should live among the dead, and then forget
to die,

O vanity !

We seem to walk night's stillness deep,

Alone awake, while thousands sleep ;

But they around, about, beneath,

Quickened by th' Archangel's breath,

Shall more wakeful be than we,

And we amid that company

Shall cry no more,

O vanity, O vanity, O vanity,

On the stable shore !

Unreal phantoms of a dream,

We are not what we seem,

Let me go,

Unstable show,

All amid the stillness deep

'Tis we that sleep,

And they that wake, with thousand eyes

Looking on us with surprise,

That we should ourselves beguile.

Let me rub my eyes awhile,

For I dream,
Where am I ?
O vanity,
We are not what we deem,
These sins that hold my heart in thrall,
They more real are than all.

TIME.

O Time, beside thy flowing, flowing river,
I sit, and cull these flowers,
But they are all of thee, and ere I thank the Giver,
Are faded and not ours,
Thou flowing on, still flowing on—flowing on for ever.

Morn's glorious characters scarce are we spelling,
Just creeping from the breast,
When we look out on the night and stars of glory
telling,
And turn unto our rest,
And in endless labyrinth of Heaven or Hell are
dwelling.

Too late! too late! too late! no more ascending!
Without the door! no gleam!
Could'st thou not have one hour watch'd? never—
never ending!
Oh, oh, 'twas but a dream,
I wake, and with life's Angel kind I am still
contending.

THE SACRI

THE RE!

Swifter than arrow'
Or ray of winged li
Prayer passes through
No sooner said than it is
Sent from a heart resi
The roof of Hell is
That so no Prayer c

The tear in secret s
On pining sorrow's
Is like the dew aris'n
Drawn up above by the
To fall and bless its p
The ground of Hel
No dew in that bac

On penitence's glo
A curtain here dot
With silvery lamps th
And bright hues won fr
Such are meek thoug
On Hell's horizon
No streak of distar

Obedience breaks the chain
Which on the will is lain
Of Adam's child, which bursts its sway,
And breathes the sky of Heav'n-born liberty,
Where Love clothes all with sabbath ray.
The chain of Hell is adamant,
And will is dead in want.

THE SACRED CITY.

Methought that there appear'd the J
And an all-seeing Presence sat there
And all afar into the Infinite air, .
Tier beyond tier in amphitheatre
Innumerable angels far around
Surveying were, all eyes, bound wit
And man below ; with heart-discern
On him was fix'd the Judge's counte

In that the day of days, and hour
Certainty of certainties, which must
Shall heart endure to think a thought
Or do ill deed? shall aught entice t
When on the heart the Judge's eye c
And Heav'n and Hell are opening o

Methought an Angel's voice came
" Not then alone when all the Heav
Back their immensities, as then e'en
Upon thee there is fix'd the Judge's
And all the Heav'ns have eyes; 'tis
That now behold not what ye then
His Eye upon thee open day and ni
And set on either side the Infinite."

TRANSLATION OF THE ANCIENT HYMN,

Day of wrath!—that awful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away!

The trembling, the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh,
Who shall all things judge and try!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne.

Death and Time shall stand aghast,
And Creation, at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead!

Then the Judge shall sit!—oh! then,
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited nought remain.

“DIES IRA; DIES ILLA.”

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvat seclum in favilla !

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra Regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget Creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

What shall wretched I then plead?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King of dreadful Majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Bear me, Lord, in heart I pray,
Object of Thy saving way,
Lest Thou lose me on that day.

Weary, seeking me, wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow—
Be Thy toils availing now!

Judge of Justice, Thee, I pray,
Grant me pardon while I may,
Ere that awful reckoning day.

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
Blush to think what I have done,
Spare Thy suppliant, Holy One.

Thou didst set th' adultress free,—
Heard'st the thief upon the tree,—
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons Pietatis.


Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tanquam reus ;
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplici parce, Deus.

Peccatricem absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.



Nought of thee my prayers can claim,
Save in Thy free mercy's name,
Save me from the deathless flame!

With Thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from th' accursed line,
Set me on Thy right with Thine.

When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to Heaven!

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend,
Care Thou, Lord, for my last end!

Full of tears the day shall prove,
When, from ashes rising, move

To the judgment guilty men,—
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then!

Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest!
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

AMEN.

THE SACRED C

Precēs meæ non sunt dī,
Sed tu bonus fac benign
Ne perennī cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta
Et ab hædis me sequesti
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addicti
Voca me cum benedictis

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cin
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,

Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis Requiem.

Am

MERCY.

Why hast Thou for our earthly gloom
Thus left Thy Father's hall?

“ Not for the righteous am I come,
But sinners to recall^a.”

What bear'st Thou from yon desert rock
Upon Thy shoulders bound?

“ A sheep that left my Father's flock,
Whom I have lost, and found^b.”

What is it wakes th' Angelic mirth
'Mid sons of God in Heav'n?

“ 'Tis some poor sorrowing child of earth,
Who is of God forgiven^c.”

What makes the gracious Father rise,
And hasten from His seat?

“ 'Tis one in distance He descries,
A long lost son to meet^d.”

^a St. Luke v. 32.

^b Ibid. xv. 5.

^c Ibid. v. 10.

^d Ibid. xv. 20.

Why thus dismounted on the ground,
What bears Thy weary beast?
“ A wounded man that I have found,
Whom I from death releas’d^e.”

What is that poor and abject thing
Washing Thy feet with tears?
“ One that would hide beneath my wing
Her sin and shame and fears^f.”

In Paradise who is that one
That hastes Thy side along :
“ One of earth’s outcasts I have won,
With me in death he hung^g.”

What, art Thou kneeling? Thou, our feet^h
To wash! and callest such
Thy friends! with us to sit and eat!
Oh, oh, it is too much!

O Lord, with bleeding, broken heart
I would to Thee draw near;
I dare not bid Thee to depart,
Thy mercy makes me fear.

^e Ibid. x. 34.

^f Ibid. vii. 38.

^g Ibid. xxiii. 43.

^h St. John xiii. 1.

THE COMPLAINT.

Thou lead'st me thro' the day
To spirit clear,
Or some sweet holy book, or sad or gay,
As Thou to wayward heart would'st minister,
I do not love Thee!

I find Thine arm beneath,
Thy thousand eyes
Over me, as a mother with hush'd breath,
And lamp held o'er her child that feeble lies,
I do not love Thee!

Thou hast to being brought
Only to bless,
One upon whom there might be hourly wrought,
The miracle of Thy deep tenderness,
I do not love Thee!

Thou hast made poor and frail,
That I from wrong
Might to Thy shelter flee, and so prevail,
And to Thy strength resort, and so be strong,
I do not love Thee!

Thou tak'st Thy helpless ones
 Into Thy side,
When danger nears,—to feed Thy famished sons
With Thine own blood, and in Thy Glory hide,
 I do not love Thee!

Thou by the way didst find
 Bleeding and torn,
Pouring in oil and wine my wounds didst bind,
And with Thee on the weary way hast borne,
 I do not love Thee!

Thro' the waste howling wild
 To Elim's wells
And palmy shade, Thou lead'st me, sin-defiled,
To caves where Thine eternal sweetness dwells,
 I do not love Thee!

Thou giv'st me hopes of good,
 And peaceful days,
While I to sins but add ingratitude,
And might have been beyond Thy pardon's rays,
 I do not love Thee!

Thine Angel holds my hand,
 Leading me on,

Now by some singing bird, now Fancy's wand,
Turns my bad thoughts to thankful orison,
I do not love Thee!

The lute, so lonesomely
In distance heard,
Used to tell once of joys that had gone by,
Now those sad thoughts have gladden'd at Thy word,
I do not love Thee!

Others Thou giv'st to rest
On earthly stays,
Me these denying callest on Thy breast
To lean, there flee from care and earthly praise,
I do not love Thee!

My friends Thou puttest by,
The more to bind
Unto Thine arm, that meek reproving eye
Which was on Peter—that on me I find,
I do not love Thee!

In sin and sorrow bound
I onward set
My weary sail, yet through the restless round
I know that Thou art merciful, and yet
I do not love Thee!

Nought have I good or right
Of mine to bring,
It those bright jewels cast on me their light
High deck the Bride of our Victorious King,
I do not love Thee !

I look abroad, fresh hues
Are blending there,
Beautiful they seem illumin'd dews
From Thy deep well, rays from Thy palace fair,
I do not love Thee !

The minutes onward flow,
Flowing for ever,
At number not Thy mercies as they go,
Nor do my sins me from Thy mercies sever,
I do not love Thee !

They who in presence dwell
Of those they love,
Are not for palace hall or murky cell,
In Thy nearer presence live and move,
But do not love Thee !

Where Love lights 'mid earth's woes
Distrust is gone,

And where distrust is gone there is repose,
But I in worldly thought, still wander on,
And do not love Thee !

There was one whom I made my stay,
But Thou didst set him far away,
That I might courage take on Thee to lean;
And lest I hang on earthly love,
Thou didst with sorrow me reprove,
And badest me to fix my love on Thee unseen.

I built my nest high up and free,
Thou with Thy wind didst shake the tree,
Telling me nought was safe beneath the stars;
And when I set Thee all at nought,
I fell to caverns of dark thought,
When all around me seem'd Night's everlasting bars.

Now all alone on the wide sea,
Sailing for dread Eternity,
And from my guide and brother far away,
I fear to set or shift the sail,
I fear the sound of every gale,
That my unstable bark the winds should make their
play.

But shame upon the faithless heart
Which in Thy promise hath a part!
Thou by our side art present evermore;
Thy palace gates are opening wide,
Thy light comes forth to be our guide;
And I and brother dear may meet on that bright
shore.

Now will I strive Thy love to gain,
Which none can strive to win in vain,
But still some hand unseen doth hold me back,
Then I for that will strive the more,
That I may learn that I am poor,
Our poverty to know is all the wealth we lack.

I would I had some lowly lot,
Where mine own burden I might hide,
Loving whom I to love forgot,
And cast this speckled skin of vanity aside.

But if in orderings o'er me thrown
I make my chain my liberty,
'Mid the world's eyes then God will own,
And clothe me with the garb of His own poverty.

And if I pray for those afar,
And kindred make of strangers near,
Then God to them will send His star,
And I with Charity shake hands, her pardon hear.

THE APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA.

“ Our Father,” happy he that knows
Of that dear word the sweet repose ;
Who on Thy will doth strive to lean,
And hopes of comfort wean
From her—our evil mother’s breast,
Yea, like a weaned child doth yield, and is at rest.

As darker vengeance seem’d to dwell
On Thy forsaken Israel,
And Zion’s daughter had her throne
Upon the desert stone,
As Canaan’s sun sunk down beneath the sea,
The brighter broke the lights of Gospel prophecy.

Now that we, wise and prudent grown,
Forget the lore to babes made known,
And there are sounds upon the wind
Of Judgment close behind,
All will be well, if sights of stern alarm
But teach to cling more close unto a Father’s arm.

So may we walk through that dark dell,
Where death and death's dim shadows dwell,
Knowing beyond in that bright vale,
Nor health nor peace shall fail ;
The full bright eye of Heav'n looks out afar
On Evening going down upon her golden car.

And we too may look back erewhile,
And from a Parent's bosom smile,
And sing His praise for endless day,
 " Who left us not a prey,
As birds from fowler's snare, so we
Have'scap'd, the snare is broke, we are for ever free."

THE SOLITARY CHRISTMAS.

(To absent friends.)

I.

O Fancy, thou hast me too oft beguil'd,
Leading thy froward child
To fairy scenes, then left me to repine
At orderings divine !
But this blest day come be my guest,
And people my dull nest,
And wheel around my home fire-side ;
Kind Hope, do thou preside !
Ah, might I wish for better cheer
Than Sir ——^a with silent stare,
Looking at my cloistral chair,
'Twere thy sweet self, my sister dear,
With thy little infant crowd, —
My dark eye-lash'd debonaire,
With her gentle eyes so fair,
Like April, woke from wintry lair,

^a The picture of the Founder.

THE SACRED C

Peeping grey thro' morning
And that little laughing elf,
Falstaff, sitting like himself,
And, indignant of calm ease
The infant Hercules.

II.

Such thoughts are guests no
To sit around my Christmas
Blessed company!
They tell us of Thy Love, a
Who laid'st aside Thy glorie
To be a helpless Child!
See, from His innocent brow
Throwing o'er all around cel
In whose blest light
Darkness is bright,
And home, and homely hinds
Are gleaming, as an eastern
Thus from that brow a light
On this glad morn,
Whence all things here belo
Have caught a living glow,
Children and Friends, and J

^b Alluding to the picture of the Nat
tenance of the Holy Infant.

Yea from this day the weary year
Doth gladness wear,
Where'er a sign of Love we trace,
'Tis but a gleam of Light in radiance of that Face.

III.

Brother —— and sister dear,
Such thoughts to me are festive cheer,
For I in thought may be with you,
With you and your own infant crew,
With which your little boat you've mann'd,—
A new found band,—
When yesterday so drearily
Yourselves ye put to sea.
'Tis ever thus, I bless the token,
Our God in mercy moves unseen,
And when our earthly stays are broken,
Silently He comes between,
And blesses most when most we lean.
And may it still be thus with you,
To launch your little blythe canoe
On starry night, or summer noon,
And be it like the silver moon,
Which hath its harbour in the Heaven
Beyond the storm;
She hides awhile her glowing form,

THE SACRED CI

But when 'tis gone,
She lifts her sail,
So calm and pale,
And from out the vapours riv
Lifting up her filmy veil,
She issues forth, a holy Nun,
And walks upon her azure w
It is a Hand unseen that doth

IV.

What if for home and social r
I have to talk with Solitude—
What if for brook and rock a
The stars but light a cloister
And for dew-loving Philomel
The distant bell ;
That chain should surely dea
Which binds the will—if bou
O God, when bound the mos

V.

Beside my window seen
There is a solitary tree,
And beneath a spot of green-
And on that tree there is a bi
At morn and eve it comes to

And is in stillness heard ;
Dweller of mountain, wood, and sea,
Lover of airy liberty—
What charms hath ivied wall for thee?
For thou hast wings away to flee ;
Hast thou found out that calm so sweet
In olden walls for hermit meet—
Shadows of ancient sanctity,
Can they be aught, meek bird, to thee?
Or is it choral voice thou lovest to hear?
Or distant chime,
With dying fall
Most musical,
Sounds which still hold good spirits near
In evil time.

VI.

Brother —— and sister dear,
On us is gathering, year by year,
The winter of our course below,—
And busily Time on our brow
Lays his becalming hand. Those dear
To us, they are not what they were,
Yet in the light this day is born
We seem to walk in endless morn ;
My — —, sure we cannot mourn

THE SACRE

That onward to the grav
What tho', dear ——, 'n
Forgetting thy sustainin
And at each interval ags
Feel for that stay—yet f
'Tis good that we shoul
That we may so the reac
The surer strength—our
Along that shadowy wa
Which each alone must
And o'er our path while
Brings down the skies a
May build the nobler h
Heaven.

DISCONTENT AND THE SOLITARY PASTOR.

A Dialogue.

- A. Strange deadness, friend, thus dull and cold,
Thy enchain'd spirit seems to hold,
So blithe of eye in solitude !
For what if sickness should intrude,
With palsying hand put from the cloud,
Thy voice, I ween, might well be loud,
Whose echoes would return in thy heart's caves to
brood.
- B. The world's wild glare is on thine eyelid thrown,
Nor seest thou I am not alone ;—
And thou wilt wonder more, when told
I have a warrant to be bold,—
A Friend hard by ne'er fails to hear,
But list,—what now hath caught thine ear?
The bird that sings to night and solitude so cold.

That bird—his life is on the wind,
Thee sterner ties of duty bind,
For what if sickness veil thy face,
Thy place—it is an empty space,
And the world's eyes are busy there ;
I hear the footsteps of dark care,
ith sickness in the cloud that draweth on
apace.

If our great Taskmaster so will,
That place may absence better fill ;
In marshallings of this our night,
While we obey, we walk in light ;
'Tis trouble all and toil beside ;
And nought therein that shall abide,
s storms or sunny gleams that range the mountain
height.

'Tis sad to sit in weakness bound,
While all without is vernal sound ;
Ere thou canst make the sky thine own,
The sunshine is with summer gone,
Nor cheer'd thee as it bore along,
To be the silent dead among,
hile thou sitt'st in the house of sickness all
alone.

B. Let summers, with their lights and flowers,
Be gone, and gather'd to their bowers,
And I with the glad thoughts they bring,
Forbid to worship the great King.
The incense of a soul in pain,
Bowed calmly down to meet her chain,
Unto the heavenly hall may find as ready wing.

A. But sweet, when hills and sea and sky
Are pictur'd in the pleased eye,
To rove amid the mountains rude,
And woo their sacred solitude—
Where Nature the soul's flagging wing
Hath bathed, in her ambrosial spring
Of freshening and free thoughts, and with herself
imbued.

B. The lot by Sovereign Duty pent
Becomes a bow, which duly bent,
Is a sure marksman, well I trow,
Stray wandering wishes to bring low.
And prayer with me my quiver goes,
Of better thoughts than nature knows,
My lonely way I wend with quiver and my bow.

A. 'Tis sweet when Love, 'mid kindred met,
Is like a thing 'mid jewels set,

THE SACRI

Which gathers and
It thence to things
But sad with loneli
With her in life and
Oh, like cold death her hand

B. There is a love of nobl
Draws not its stren
But fountains whic
Like her of Moab f
Clinging to her nev
A gleaner poor on s
More dear than all the th
home around.

A. The shades of eve are
Hopes which the m
But hast thou yet n
To link thy name v
Or still—thy totter
Hast thou with the
To wave on mountain tops,

B. I see the Angel sword
And kneel upon th
Nor fear beleaguer

Not mine the hand to lift sublime,
And hold the Ark amid the crowd,
If only faithful, and allowed
With that her holy band on Sion's steep to climb.

A. If thine own breast thou tunest,—still
To cope with others' wandering will—
No thought with thought that answers thee,
Each chord thou stirr'st at enmity—
This is thy charge—thence many a spear
Needs adamant shield to bear,
Or it will find thine heart, and inmost bosom try.

B. Myself alone have I to fear,
For what if they to pastor dear,
Wander in ways he cannot love—
Thence more should he the mountains move,
Whence help may come on unseen wings;
Or thence to him a fountain springs;
Despair dwells not in beams of everlasting Love.

THE SACRED

THE HYMNS OF

The green and golden c
Where the star hath l
The flower that drinks t
Only to the mountain
And to the wild be
The tree, a tower of flowers i

The bird upon the rock,
Sitting by the shore a
The kite upon the air re
Like a picture on the
On the blue vault :
The sea that shakes below his

House and home of war
Spreading his blue ar
The earth on pathway]
Still the same, yet sti
In quiet interchang
And all the Heavens that
bars.

What duteous adoration lies,
In their silent destinies!
On laws assigned them as they move,
From each little sphere they raise
The songs of Prayer and Praise,
And for His sake who gave their being seem to love.

Dews 'neath the night to work our weal,
On a noiseless footfall steal,
Here build a lily, there a rose ;
Beams on their glad service dight,
From their own house of light,
Come down to visit us, in this our isle of woes.

Now steal unseen into a mine,
Bidding there some beryl shine,
Beneath some fountain's crystal lair ;
Here a wing, there gild a flower—
None hath so poor a dower,
But finds therein a voice to tell that God is there.

These visitings, which come and go,
Are the life of things below ;
Man only not responsive still
In Heav'n's illumin'd stream,
Doth thankless drink the beam,
Who cannot have his own, loves not his Maker's will.

THE SACRED CI

A something past, or yet to
Of a higher destiny
Is o'er us ; seeking here he
When the soul puts forth
Touch'd by the blast
orn here her root to spread,
bloom.

Save weeping o'er her with
Or on some more banefi
Faith lifts up her woe-was
Gladd'ning 'neath the p
Of her Baptismal dow
nd sees Angelic wings blend
storm.

Would that from towers of
My cold lantern Thou v
And search my heart deep
I nought but my darkne
And Thy dread purit
nd 'neath Thy bleeding robe
ness hide.

When Thy blood's on me
And my crimes in sorro

Till sitting 'neath Thy sacred feet,
I may join Creation's throng,
In the eternal song,
With voice as may not be for sinful man unmeet.

THE SPIRIT'S PROGRESS.

Hail, thou golden portal,
Gleaming o'er the deep,
To the halls immortal
Calling me from sleep,
Wake, and come to you o'er broad Ocean's sweep!

Round me scintillations
Of the starry crowds,
And new combinations
Of the breaking clouds,
gather, and now pass in tumultuous shrouds.

Dark the running Ocean
Tumbles 'neath my feet,
And in wild commotion
Spirits round me fleet,
O'er immortal stranger o'er the waves to greet.

What new guiding Hand
Fills my soul with wonder,
With a viewless wand
Setting clouds asunder?
Lightning his raiment is, and his voice the thunder!


What strange Providence
Girds me all about,
And beyond all sense
Rules the racking rout,
And o'er stable waves holds me up throughout!

Infinite the store
Of the old Creations ;
Who shall deeps explore,
Count the constellations,
Which pave the spirit's path to her habitations?

Pearls and emerald dyes
On wing'd insects float ;
Endless sweetness lies
In the bird's wild throat ;
Nature's flying finger wakes a countless note.

Morn on morn doth follow
Bringing a new day,
(As a watery hollow
Doth the skies display,)
Another yet the same, brotherlike away.

As the peacock's plume
Varies self-same eyes,



THE SACRED

Nought can fill the room
Of diversities,
Nature downward opens ever

Who shall speak the c
Which the spirits know
In their solemn ranges
To the Eternal now?
Who th' Angelic watches
go?

What ethereal nations
Lie beyond the sight,
In their glorious static
Crowded infinite,
While we deem of nought but
night?

By what name or spell
Are we to you known
Or do ye syllable
Heavenly words alone
And the new name writ in th

Oft methinks at waking
A spirit calls my name

With a sound partaking
Gentle love or blame,
As if to the dead in sleep we nearer came.

On your crystal pillow,
Spirits now at rest,
Greet me o'er the billow
To your haven blest,
Look forth and welcome me o'er Time's troubled
breast!

Hail, thou star of Ocean,
Unto you I come,
With a dread emotion
Struggling for my home,
Your portal gleams afar, no more let me roam.

Now on floors sublime
I bid earth farewell,
And look back on time,
From where Spirits dwell,
Alas! from heights like these mighty Angels fell.

THE SACRED C

SCIENCE AND REVE

Moon with beauteous flock
On the deep blue fields the
Wondrous things that stand
Crystal lamps on temple roof
Little drops from fount of
Spars of shiver'd chrysolite
Calmly falling silver show
Raining on night's ebon top
Or an army bright that pour
All from out the heavenly
And their silent sentry keep
O'er the house where mortals

But when our Saviour came to earth
And laid aside His Majesty,
Lest man should dare his God to
So meekly seen in Son of man,
From Science He withdrew the
And bade her tell the wondrous

Mighty, mighty orbs of light,
 Through the boundless infinite,
 All throughout the noiseless sky
 On a whirlwind's wing they fly ;—
 Many, many a mighty world,
 With its shining sail unfurl'd,—
 Suns with worlds their subjects throng
 Like shepherdess her flocks among,—
 Unspeakable and glorious ones,
 Worlds of worlds, and suns of suns,
 Earth a tiny drop in motion
 All amid the shoreless ocean !

Dark curtains hung upon the tomb,
 And hid from man his deathless doom,
 Save that portending nature true .
 Her presages in picture drew,
 'Twas but the form of vice below,
 As seen in all her varied woe :

For those fabled royal maids
 Hundred-handed * Danaids,
 Where but Pleasures labouring still
 Vainly the heart's urn to fill,—

* Scil. ἑκατόμυττον Νηηίδων. Soph.

THE SACRED CITY

Ambition the Sisyphean stone
Ever hurrying down anon,—
And the Fury with her snail
And the lash that slumber took
Fearfully in stern alarm
Was Remorse portending harm
While in hope the righteous
Seeing the Invisible.

Yet still the solemn shadows lay
On shores of the Eternal Day ;
But when our Lord the ransom paid
And gather'd 'neath the Cross's shade
He bade the awful veil arise,
And shew'd man's doom that never dies

Where a flowing—flowing river
Still might flow and flow for ever
Yet have never less to go !
Things no living man can know
On a sea for evermore
Never nearer to the shore !
Blackest midnight aye forlorn
Never, never nearer morn !
Blest meridian ever bright,
Never, never nearer night !

Realities of Heav'n and Hell,
Endless, dread, unchangeable!

Who Him believe, and train the eye
The deeps of that great vast to try,
And hear that ocean roll beneath,
They to that Rock, with trembling breath,
And dank and dripping weeds must cling,
Nor e'er deny their God and King.

THE SACRED

A SUMMER'S NIGHT

The stars upon their ways are
And trees and flowers fulfilling
And men on men are hurrying
And creep into the

And carried on a noiseless whir
Onward and onward hurry da
O'er all strange mystery like a
The womb of death

And 'mid of things this twilig
There hath along the vale app
Out of the mighty vast which
And bearing the

Of mansions which can never
He only the great Whence an
And He was One bowed to the
Bearing an unseen

Upon the ground in agony He fell,
He wept, His eyes He lifted up to Heav'n,
And prayed on mountain top when all was still,
Save distant night-bird's cry.

What means that falling down on the cold ground?
What means that raising of the eyes to Heav'n?
And watching on the Mount when all was still,
Save distant night-bird's cry?

And why, why art Thou weeping o'er us thus,
Divinest Stranger, yet for ever near?
Thou only knowest where man hath to climb,
Thou only whence to fall.

Then let us on Thy steps adoring gaze,
If so we may but pass the mighty gulf,
And fill our lamps with light from the full well,
And ocean of Thy love.

All seems adoring stillness, moving on,
Yet motionless, the moon hath climb'd her tower,
And lo, in other palaces she walks
Of night beneath the wave.

THE SACRED

THE NIGHTINGALE I

Stranger of the liquid t
Whose rich flowing nec
Doth on wings of twilig
Where the silent n
Leaning from her silver
Listens all alone.

Oft my ears have founc
When our cloistral wall
Spoke thy midnight wh
Singing to the star
While another sylvan sl
Answer'd from afar

Yet I never heard as no
Such a thrilling overflow
Nay I cannot—cannot g
From thy tuneful h
Nay good night!—I pa
I am loitering still.

Where the drooping willow bower,
Where the bridge and sable tower
On the moon-lit stream doth lower,
 Slow I creep along
Lingering in the crystal shower
 Of thy gushing song.

No inhabitant of earth,
Paradise is in the mirth,
Where no sorrow hath its birth,
 Filling the glad urn
Whence thou drawest without dearth
 Sweetest thoughts that burn.

Other birds of earth are singing,
Thoughts of Angels thou art bringing,
A bold sweetness round thee flinging,
 And a solemn calm,
Deepest hour of night is ringing
 With thy choral psalm.

Heart of music running o'er,
Surely an ambassador
Sent from out the star-pav'd floor
 On the summer wind,
With a message sweet in store
 Some sad soul to find.

THE SACRED CI

Others sing a Father's care
'Mid green woods and valls
Flinging to the wandering
Thoughts of to-morro
Or mount upon the azure
Too wise for sorrow.

Thine a bolder, deeper lay,
Chaunts of places far away
Telling of another day,
Of a house and home,
And a Hand that rules thy
And doth bid thee cor

Gushing like a fountain riv
Shafts of unexhaustive qui
Nothing—nothing thee sha
Wed with holy glee,
Such become a harmless liv
Ah, alas for me!

Yet when stealing from the
Worn and weary with eart
Oft yon neighbouring aisle
Tune my thoughts an
And with hopes serene and
All my soul endue.

Songster sweet, I learn of thee,
When around 'tis dark to me,
With a spirit bold and free
 Of my Guide to sing,
Bearing homeward o'er life's sea
 On an eagle's wing.

But when midday's tents are out,
Gold and gleam are all about,
Sink the strain in fear and doubt,
 Lest our love should roam,
And amid the singing rout
 We forget our home.

Ah, that thrilling undersong,
Saddest bird, I did thee wrong,
Sweetest sadness, deep and long !
 Those bright visions fleet,
Other thoughts upon thee throng
 For a pilgrim meet.

ong years have pass'd since we together met,
or ever thought I we should meet again,
at circumstance, Time's wild eventful chain
nwinding, with a strange and dream-like net
ath caught me, and again together set,
tting in silence 'neath a cloud of pain.
y thoughts are deeply stirr'd, for they oft fain
ould wait on thee, by thee unnoted, yet,
ike unseen Angels that would do thee good,
ave tended on thee, though to all untold,
or deem'd of, and by thee the least of all.
ill often, in the spirit's solitude,
is sweet thine honour'd image to recall,
nd kind o'er-flowing heart, all sterling gold.

If among lost mankind love is thus sweet,
If here below tho' Absence intervene,
And Distance spreads her envious arms between,
'Tis so unspeakable that Time's dull feet
To a melodious chime do seem to beat ;
And while we love each other, tho' unseen,
We seem to walk, as if our feet had been
Bathed in warm glowing sunshine : if 'tis meet
That love should o'er-ourselves throw these sweet
chains,
And those around each other make appear
Like some heart-kindling music ; if thus strange
And passing sweet our love so giv'n to change,
Then what must be the substance which remains,
Whose semblance here and shadow is so dear!

THE SACRED CI

But see where Eve, riding on cl
Scatters afar the rose and violet
On path of parting day ; the sta
On watch, and twinkling thro' t
In the wide glowing Heav'n ; sca
Now Evening all hath drawn wi
Of contemplation ; hopeful Pe
have met ;

Stay, beautiful illusions, while y
One by one fairer shapes ye still
Stay awhile, beautiful decays, if
Our Father hath a veil of beauty
O'er our poor passing fleetness, ,
Lay on His altar all our costlies
And then, content with Jesus to
Within ourselves nurse homelier
Were richer far in that our pove

THE VOLUNTARY.

Music, strange power, who can thy dwelling know?
Lo, at thy bidding suns or shadows flee
Over the soul, and prospects come and go
From hope or memory's cave. Strange key
To close or to unlock each secret cell,
Like star, or heav'nly guest come in the heart to dwell.

Faint emblem, Lord, of sacred power from Thee,
Whose finger is upon the unseen soul,
Which blending with the will doth leave it free,
Sweetening or saddening, soft controul
Setting Thy love before in vision clear,
Or wakening from sad thoughts Repentance' healing
tear.

The evening breeze comes on th' Eolian wire,
Wakening sweet sounds from what was dead
before ;
The soul without Thee were a barren lyre ;
Oh, let me live in that sweet store
Of healthful thoughts, till all around me seem
Bathed in the freshening dews of that melodious
stream.

THE SACRED

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divin
Quale sopor fessis in gramine,
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim rest
. amavit nos quoque

Others admire in thee a poet
So sweetly temper'd to a clasp
Others, how deepest thought
Put on harmonious beauty in
Others, how thy sweet urn
Lights earthly things with light
Others, how every turn and
Leads to a temple—in the b
One would to thy meek will
One melodies of mountain s
One loves thy red November
One the bright lengthening
One with thee enters in the
To worship there, but not to
'Tis sweet to note in varying
How each his bosom'd thought
And some condemn thee as
Where haply diamonds hid
a "Makes an eternal clarity." B

But they upon the surface, love to flit,—
'Twere diving into Pindar's golden wit!
But these things other thoughts to me endear,
Thy book I love because thyself is there.
And all I know of glad philosophy—
And all I know of life's home poesy—
And all I know of calm and healthful thought,
And all of better wisdom Heav'n hath taught—
And all that I have seen of azure sky
Brought forth from out a deep captivity—
And all which through the clouds of sin and grief
Have shed o'er life a light of sweet relief—
And all that I have known of cheering glow
That glares not, but lights up our hearth below—
And all I have of friends more dear than life,
Calming with gentler wisdom this world's strife,
(So it hath pleased Heav'n who gave the same,)
These all to me are link'd with thy dear name.
Through thee whate'er through broken clouds hath
gleam'd,
Through thee from Heav'n these beams on me have
stream'd.
Therefore when others talk yet I am still,
For deeper thoughts than theirs my bosom fill.

THE SACRI

THE NATURAL AND

OR

Classical complaints and

I.

“ Time holds up his glass, as to
men how evil they are.’

Time holds to me h
Wherein myself
As there from sin t
An image sad an

And since that now
I bear no goodly
Hath God’s displea
I hasten to declir

“ We all with open face behold
the Lord, are changed into the

But in another glas
Hiding His heav
The image of the S
And kindle as I

In deepest sense of my desert
Thus daily let me die,
If so I may but touch the skirt
Of His great charity !

II.

“ What shame or what bounds can there be to our lamentations
‘ for one so dear^{b1} ” *Horace*, Ode I. xxiv. 1.

If I forget thee for awhile,
Then, like some mournful strain,
Thine image seems to chide my smile,
And o'er me comes again.

O'er each still hour it comes from far,
With thoughts of childish years,
Reflected, like a heavenly star,
In the deep fount of tears.

“ Concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as
others which have no hope.” 1 *Thess.* iv. 13.

That fount of tears it hidden lies
Within my Saviour's breast,
And I will leave thee in the skies
And that deep fount to rest.

^b “ Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.”

THE SACRED C

O Thou, who know'st o
And every inmost gr
In Thee I leave that lor
And find in Thee reli

III.

“ Children cannot attain the perfection
ness attending it; we call them ha
Ethics, l. i. c. 9.

Still virtue labours 'mid
To set her citadel,
Where visitants may co
And Contemplation c

She climbs; hill rises at
The sun seems to ali
Ever before, but distan
It sinks, and leaves t

“ Suffer the little children to come
not: for of such is the kingdom of H

The weary, weak, and
Upon a parent's brea
Which lays, o'ercome w
Its head, and is at re

Sole emblem such, to young or old,
Of all on earth we find;
Which angels may with joy behold;
Faith's meek reposing mind.

IV.

"Religion shewed her head from the regions of the sky, with horrible visage from above threatening mortals^c." *Lucretius*.

Religion clad in storms of yore
Unveil'd her awful mien,
And in dread lightnings oped the door
Of the eternal scene.

Sad shades and shapes were there reveal'd,
In dismal vision clear,
While conscious Guilt the pencil held,
And dark portending Fear.

"Mercy and Truth have met together . . . and Righteousness hath looked down from Heaven." *Psalms lxxxv*.

But Abram saw his children throng,
Like stars in Heav'n at night,
Those stars they heard the angelic song,
And from their orbs of light

^c "Quæ caput e cœli regionibus ostendebat,
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans."

THE SACRED

**Came Bethlehem's Star
Since then they ne
And seem to walk, li
Around our heaven**

WROXTON ABBEY.

A sylvan lake with hanging trees embower'd,
Where droop'd the pensive birch in lighter green,
And the dark pine in statelier stories tower'd,
Which in the watery edge were fairer seen ;
Beyond whose downward heads the blue Serene,
With white-piled clouds a hanging tapestry,
Had for its mirror chose that quiet scene,
Still as its surface was th' embosom'd sky,
Save imag'd in the deeps a dark bird flying by.

A snow-white Swan, upon that glassy plate,
There moved ineffably in nature's grace,
Rowing at ease in solitary state,
Like some fair guardian of that tranquil place,
Eying his lovelier image, which kept pace
And mock'd his state below : the woodland song
Came round me, soften'd by the watery space ;
A tide of strange emotions, deep and strong,
Flow'd o'er th' impassion'd soul, and sought to
find a tongue.

But such those images that sought a vent,
That the dismantled shreds of Autumn's sheers,
Were unto them more fit accompaniment ;
Chiefly close wrapt around my earliest years,
Two brothers laid on their untimely biers,
And other things I cannot speak aloud,
Which were reflected in the fount of tears,
Like clouds which in that silent mirror crowd,
That Nature's calm to share was not to me allowed.

A something on the human spirit lies
Amid the universal burst of spring,
Which cannot answer to their revelries,
Nor into harmony the bosom bring ;
I seem'd alone—the only thankless thing,
I felt I had a burden to reveal,
But could not ; all was joyous on the wing,
I look'd, and only wish'd that I could kneel,
I had no words, but this would speak what I did
feel.

But 'gainst myself I will in you rejoice,
Ye sounds and happy sights 'mong which we
move,
And will to your Hosannahs lend my voice,
For ye are emblems of a Father's love ;

And ye that would your Hallelujahs prove,
By watery banks, green lawn, and singing bower,
As all around to love and being strove,
Ye all do speak the Resurrection's power,
Which longs to break her chain, and waits the
destin'd hour.

And ye on wing and bough, sweet birds of song,
Whose gladsome hearts break forth in melodies,
Creatures of God, I would not do you wrong!
Ye seem like little wanderers from the skies,
So much ye speak of the pure harmonies
Of happy spirits, that with a free heart,
Releas'd from this world's winter's frozen ties,
Shall in that Resurrection have a part,
And I too would awake, and learn your thankful art.

O could I speak of Thee with reverence meet,
Giver of life and light! in this calm grove
All Nature, kindling from each still retreat,
Around the goings of awakening Love
In buoyancy and joyance seems to move,
Spreads flowers beneath his feet, and from Heav'n's
face
Draws the white clouds; while the embower'd
alcove

THE SACRED

Looks on the waters, in w
There sleeps a sister scene red

And what if thus, as the o
Of the vast concave in this
Is seen with all the sights
Or spans of water in the p
Mirror inverted skies bene
What if the meanest things
Shadow the kingdoms of th
And be reflections of etern
Ere it be seen to rise in its ur

Beauty that lifts her head c
New generations kindling
Fresh morn for ever rising
Joy aye returning after som
And moons that wane their
And spring awakening from
All speak a mighty power
With countless images in N
Of things that are in Heav'n
pass.

And in Thy Word their pro
Noah arising from the wate

Joseph twice dead in kingly greatness found,—
Moses escaping from the Ocean's wave,—
Samson made strong victorious death to brave,—
Israel from Babylonian bondage free
Like unto them that dream ;—such power to save
Hath gloomy death, and at a word from Thee
The valley of dead bones all full of life shall be.

Teach us that Wisdom which Thy footsteps sees,
And 'mid dismays and doubts Thy hand doth hold,
Till we be school'd in daily semblances
Of greater things hereafter : as of old
When Thou Thy childhood's presence didst withhold
From Thine own mother, lest the sword should wound
Her soul too deep, training her to be bold
'Gainst that sad time that laid Thee in the ground,
Sought for three sorrowing days, and in Thy temple found.

And I in these Thy teachings numberless
Would train my spirit to be dead with Thee,
Though little now I of their meaning guess—
Waiting the time I may from death be free,
And would in all Thy Resurrection see ;

So may we strengthen hope and be at rest,
And each returning Sunday here we greet
Think of the Sabbath on our Saviour's breast ;
Oft as loved friends we after absence meet
Of meeting ne'er to part at Jesus' feet ;
From bars of darkness to the morn restored
Think of the light of that celestial seat,
Till dead with Thee, and quicken'd by Thy Word
naged in all around we mark our risen Lord.

WRITTEN AFTER THE PRECEDING.

Still hand in hand I onward climb
With this mysterious Time,
And things once distant come and go,
With many a piercing throe,
Or things that fairer seem,
They pass my outstretch'd hands, like shadows in
a dream.

These thoughts impassion'd ne'er abide,
But, by some unseen tide,
Ineffably they o'er me come,
Whether in joy or gloom,
As if some moon above,
Or some celestial orb did their deep stirrings move.

Would these o'erflowings of the mind
Might something leave behind,
Of better thoughts that might remain,
Laid up in storied strain,
From the dark spirit's store,
In these tumultuous tides left on the pebbled shore,

THE SACRED

Heart glowing thoughts!
But shells which child
Would that I so in praye
Might pass away my d
That these wild seas of
Might to their Heav'nly gu
wrought!

And struggling thus with
I still would onward c
And as these feelings ebb
Would ever on them g
Till to that land I come
Where Love with outstretch'
wanderer home.

Thus I each day I linger
Those heavenly stores
Each day would somethi
Unto that stable shore
Something from evil
And do some deed at death I

THE MUSICAL BOX.

Silver-soft melodious maze!
Sweetest sounds unwinding,
Through his labyrinth of lays,
All his chains unbinding,
Here and there upon the sound
Runs the tuneful sprite around.

Is it thus our Universe
In Angelic ears,
Doth the melodies rehearse
Of revolving years,
Set amid the listening skies,
To run out its harmonies?

Now the music seems to grieve
Like a sylvan song,
On a pastoral pipe at eve
Distant shades among,
Far amid the haunted woods,
Touching the deep solitudes.

THE SACRED

Now mellifluous soars th
Like a mermaid fair,
Melting from our world
Into sea and air,
While her notes mysterio
Lingering on a passing c

Now it stirs a solemn sei
Like a lovely star,
Bringing gentle evidenc
Of the things afar ;
Or as if unearthly gleam
Played on the melodious

Lo, within that tuneful
What an ocean lies,
Tides of thought that et
In wild harmonies,
As, on its responsive sei
Soars or sinks the solem

Thus, may be, an unsee
Shall the soul unbinc
In a moment loose the l
Round the spirit twir
Bring to sight things of
And awake deep memo

From this earth's entrancing thrall
Which too much is mine,
From the Fear which doth appal,
And desires that pine,
Ye my glowing soul have wrought
Into high mysterious thought,

Of a world that round us lies,
Of unearthly Love—
And Angelic companies
Which around us move;
To low thoughts I bid adieu,
Henceforth I will think of you,

Of immortal Majesty,
And sustaining Truth,
Order, and sweet Charity,
And unfading Youth,
Drinking at immortal springs,—
Hence of you my spirit sings.

THE SACRED C

DREAMS.

Fearfully into my dreams
Comes a black and prowli
And defying all my care,
Here anon and every whe
Mingling with my vision
With a deadly eat-up star
Bars and bolts I set betwe
Down the chimney he is s
Then I form a triple skree
Yet behind, in stealthy mi
Comes that scowling visag
That I cannot flee from hi
Now methinks I am away
In the quiet eye of day ;
On my back there is a loa
He is after on the road ;
Climb, or run, or hide, or
Yet I cannot get from him
Nought my heart can save
Save refreshings drawn in

Or, may be, a dreaded man,
With a heart-enthraling ban,
Holdeth me in durance sore,
Me perchance and many more.
He will eat us up anon,
But I cannot get me gone.
They are battening for his maw,
But they heed it not a straw,
Laughing out in hideous glee,
“ We care not, and why should ye ? ”
Yet methinks I have a Friend,
If to him I could but wend ;
Oft an Angel or good man
From him brings a talisman,
Which will rid me from the spell
O'er me thus unspeakable,
Yet I heed not, or forget,
And the soul-entangling net
Still is o'er my pathway set.
Oft I think me safe away,
Yet he hath me still at bay.

Such the things and such as these,
In terrible varieties,
Tho' beyond the visual ken,
Known to children and to men,
When they slumber ill at ease.

There is something in this spell
Of a fearful one from Hell.
A voice from Heav'n hath told us plain
That he labours might and main,
In the little space he can,
If he may but ruin man.
But in them such mystery seems
That I dare not think of dreams ;
Whence they come or what they say,
If they be from Hell or nay.
Oft we know they are from Heav'n,
Holding up in mirror true
Our most secret selves to view,
Unto them such power is given.
Haply we in them are brought
Unto worlds beyond our thought ;
It may be our Angel good,
In a way not understood,
With the enemy doth strive
While we scarcely seem alive,
And to sense, in slumber seal'd,
Thus the strife is half reveal'd.
Only this I dare to tell
Of matter so inscrutable,
Did we always rise and pray,
For the fearful things they say,
We should wiser be all day.

IN IMITATION OF LUCRETII.

If it be so—then this o'er-arching hall,
And Heav'n's deep thundering temples covering all
On pillars of blue ether, sown with stars,
Where walks the Sun imprison'd in strange bars,—
And Earth, with trees and streams and mountains
crowned,
And girdle of blue waters girding round,—
This scene, o'er which there hangs the clear profound,
Is but a cavern where the soul is pent,
And the blue roofs of this our firmament
Shall tumble in, by ruin touch'd, or fly
Like a white cloud vanish'd from Summer sky.
Then Death were to the soul the dungeon door,
(As Eve lets out the sun on twilight's shore.)
It follows—this our poor and fretful talk
Of men, and states, and kingdoms, were to walk
With shadows, with the substance at the gate,
And it may be to waken all too late.
For if, from out the star-encircled tent,
To be with us the golden Sun was sent,

THE SACRED C

To touch with life-giving ether
The springs of life, it matters not
Whether we walk in that seren
Or turn'd to darkness build ou

Like cause doth like effect in
In all but man ; the elements l
Range o'er the earth, yet bear
Each doth his given work in g
Two Roses, nurtured 'neath on
Together rise and bloom, toget
Traceable by eye of reason the
Two elms coeval in harmoniou
Throw round their green arms,
Two streams together haste to
Two upward flames together r
Not so is man, himself creates
Of his own acts ; he moves by
Self-framed each hour, while c
'Tween good and evil stern Pr
And all he does is seed to som
Beyond, more strong in grace
Two mortals by the water side
Spring from one root, yet grac

* See the Christian Year for St. I
Ethics, b. iii. c. 2.

With different natures, this with healing dight
And gladness, that with deadly aconite ;
E'en as the will within her secret shrines
Gathers the heavenly influence, or declines ;
'Tis not our own, it cometh down from high,
And therefore 'tis that virtue cannot die,
Since not of birth terrestrial, born of light
That comes beyond the ebon house of night.
To choose or shun the path to good or ill,
Severing each moment, this doth form the will ;
Thus they who 'mid the varied things of sense
Trace out the maze of cause and consequence ;
Nor own 'mid mighty waters calm and deep
His footsteps, on they dream—till in their sleep
Hearing His voice they hear not, nor detect
In His own house the glorious architect.

The golden Sun perchance is on the Sea
Listening to Hymns of Evening's harmony
So sweet,—Silence herself is audible
With the Creator's praise,—from hill or dell
Sound birds and lowing herds, till o'er the close,
Darkness lets fall her mantle of repose,
And Night adoring climbs with silent urn,
To light the lamps that round His temple burn ;
Or when the Morn sends forth her harbinger,
Which with her coming doth all nature stir,

THE SACRE

And noisy crow on wing, a
Give signal of the twilight
Appearing, strains prelusive
Which soon shall burst forth
Woke by the Sun unto Creation
All to new life awake and
Meanwhile the Sage, in Wisdom
Sees the small atom from his hand
Posting before the Sunbear
Marshal his troops, or in season
Life to create and order, in
Come from beyond the regions
And hurry on his mantle, in
To invest creation, paint and

As if the echo to its great
He had pursued, unfolding
Till he, 'mid rocks grotesque
Forgot the voice itself from
As if the glorious thought
So wondrous bound in the
Of some great Pindar, were
Responsive, by some gale

^b See Lucretius, b. ii. that the
rapid than that of light, that they
but assume colour in their combination

Dying upon it; or as if the rays
Of some lov'd countenance on which we gaze,
Were lit up by no unseen light behind;
So dark a cloud the thoughtless eye doth blind!

This comes of seeing and of tracing on,
Cause after cause, in wondrous union
Concentrating, combining to a whole,
And owning not the Maker. For the Soul
At every step when she around her cell
Sees and adores not the Adorable,
More faint and faint the gleams, which with Him
dwell,

Break out on her, more feebly His dear voice,
That which alone bids Nature to rejoice,
More faint and faint she hears, till all alone
From scene to scene of doubt she wanders on
Along a dreary waste, starless and long,
Starless and sad a dreary waste along,
Uncheer'd—unsatisfied—for evermore,
Companionless, and fatherless, and poor.

Enough is given that they who would adore
Might find their Maker, ever more and more
Himself disclosing to the pure in heart,
He leads them in Himself to have a part.
Else it were sad indeed thro' things of sense,
Or sweet scenes form'd by sportive elements,

THE SACRE

To range on sick at heart, t
Was Youth in all its freshn
So seeming fair; beneath a
'Mid flowers and singing bi
But as it flew, it turn'd, and
Longing, regretful looks, a
When lost for ever,—from
A bird of golden wing hatl
And left us desolate; o'er t
Silent and cold Winter her
Far otherwise when hopes
Fill all with sacred breath,
Light up the cloud—then t
To rise, to sleep, to live o'e
In lonelines, to wed with s
To go out, and return, and
These all are by a holy Pre
In each dark shade there st
By the way side, by lonely
Else wearisome,—beside th
In the holy Temple that dr
He who from them that soi
His sheltering mantle rests
'Neath whose bright folds w
Be we content awhile there
Until the storm and whirlw

'Tis better that thus dimly we should scan
His steps, disclosed as meet for sinful man,
For but suppose that Heav'n's familiar door
O'erarching, and the star-indented floor
Flew open, and disclosed the Towers afar,—
As fishes ranging 'neath their watery bar
Know nought of tower or city, grove or glen,
Green mantled earth, and singing bird, and men,
So rove we in this vapoury prison pent,—
Emerging in ethereal element
We should see that which would our hearts appal
With wonder, more than all this varied ball,
Yea, more than blind men dream of untried light,
But in the amazement of th' o'erwhelming sight
How should we love Him? rather for awhile
Let us with prayer this winding cave beguile,
And lowlier thoughts more meet for earthly bond,
For fearfully the glory shines beyond
This twilight—rapidly 'tis onward borne,
And we have much to do and much to mourn.

In these I linger not, for thus to dream,
And meditate, and choose the learned theme,
For these we have no leisure—bound for far
We loiter, while we talk the leading star
Is setting, yonder breaks on distant lawn
The skirt of day—the trees are in the dawn.

THE SACRED

THE RECOGNITION O

Oft as I read how great Uly
In his own kingly hall, a be
With tatter'd garb and leath
I would unravel the "good"
And all the golden argumer
Caught in the maze of his m
I linger, and suspend the p
E'en as that hero by those s
At whose surpassing sounds the

But his no syren's soul-enfee
He lifted up the dull earth t
Then wander'd forth in heal
Seeing all earth as with an
Thick-peopled with immort
It is no more the haunt whe
But in each act of life the G
From sight withdrawn awhile
Stern Retribution holds, but he

In nature's stores, and in "the gift" of sleep;
In viands of slain beeves, in cheering wine,
In wafting gales that o'er the Ocean sweep,
In birds in heav'n, or on the surging brine,
In darts that pass or miss the destin'd line,
In every thought which human conduct guides,
In morn, in eve, earth, sea, and air divine,
The ever-varying God his presence hides,
And sways of mortal things the deeply rolling tides,

Wrapping mankind around, serene and still;
And oft the good to see him are allowed,
While 'mid the revellers all bent on ill
Good Theoclymenus beholds the cloud
Peopled with Stygian shapes, a blackening shroud,
And heads all ghastly with portentous sign,
Going before destruction; from the crowd
He springs aloof, discerning wrath Divine,
While they heed nor hear, in surfeit lost and wine.

Or as he thence the royal arms conveys,
Telemachus, beside that beggar old,
Beholds the playing of the unharmed blaze
O'er all the inner house, rays which enfold
Pillar and tier and arch in flaming gold,
And far within celestial Power confest;

THE S.

His Sire discerns the
On his high errand,
Honour with speechless

Now little deeming
The insatiate spoiler
Sure indications of t
Antinous in wassails
Taunter of holy eld
Eurymachus; the s
Lover of Gods and
Of revellers the He
But he who shares the
grave.

And thou, divine E
Like the rude stakes
All heart of oak. I
The beggar notes e
The hospitable wor
The temper good a
Father and King, a

^c It may be observed, t
the *διδῶν ὑφ' ἑαυτοῦ*, and of him
^d B. xiv. l. 12.

And poverty, in whose uncomely weeds
Oft Gods go forth on earth to watch men's words
and deeds^c.

Then arm'd with battle and with glorious might,
As erst at Ilium in the famed field,
Grasping the old Laconian bow, to light
Godlike Ulysses springs, not with the shield
And helmet, but o'erwhelming death reveal'd;
The arrow wing'd with their impending doom
Hangs eager on the string, while still they wield
The thoughtless flagons through the festive room,
While Justice hath e'en now delved deep their
righteous tomb.

There falls a light on this illumin'd page,
And as I ponder with delighted eyes
Upon the holier lore of earlier age,
Something I read of higher mysteries,
Of One who hath descended from the skies,
And wanders here in His own kingly hall,
A *stranger*, and in *prison* often lies,
And on his brethren's charities doth call,
Yet weighs and watches each, the God and Judge
of all.

^c B. xvii. l. 485.

THE SACRE

SACRILE

From the Agamemnon of A

From line 155, Ζῆς. Ζῆς αἶσ' ἰσ
ἡμῖν

1.

O Thou surpassing mo
Wonderful is Thy N
How shall I think of T
And speak Thee wit
Of Thee I fain w
But every thought I to th
To speak Thy praise is in
And feeble is the

2.

I see below some migh
Arises, mantling o'er
With proud defiance;]
Is past, and heard n
Another for a spac
And lo, a third is towerin
But he who sings of Thin
Hath Wisdom for

3.

Thou pointest out the toilsome stair
Which leads to Wisdom's Palace fair,
And hast to man Thy law made plain,
That Pain is Gain*.

Gentle as dew such knowledge of Thy Laws,
And e'en from sleep the soul instruction draws;
But little thanks the blessing own,
For in unwilling hearts such grace is sown
By them who sit on Heaven's dread throne.

From line 358, *Διὸς πλάγαν ἔχουσιν*, to line 387, *εὐτεῖς Θεῶν*.

1.

The hand of Heav'n is on them, see
Their own madness they deem wise!
O footsteps and mute auguries
Of Him whose will is destiny!
'Tush, said one, doth God perceive,
Or for trampled altars grieve?
Thus they whet themselves to rage
Of abhorred Sacrilege.
Sprung are such from them of old
Breathing forth rebellion bold,
Nurs'd to impious hardihood

^f Scil. *ἐν Πάθῳ Μαρτίᾳ, &c.*

THE SACRED CITY.

From full houses flowing o'er
With an over plenteous store,
Beyond the golden mean of good
Far aloof from such be mine,
With content in humble cell,
Unharming and unharm'd to dwell
Hard by holy Wisdom's shrine!
For what shall towers of wealth
To them who kick at Judgment
To save them from th' o'erwhelm
The inextricable net of Penalty

2.

When they the strength of Right
The infatuating Judgment's court
Urges them on, and gathers force
Dread Counsellor for children's
Therefore lowers the heavenly ray
And all Healing stands aloof.
Now no more the guilt conceal'd—
Horribly it stands reveal'd—
Awfully resplendent light.
It hath pass'd for current long,
Thro' the hands of thousands striven
And their handling made it bright
Black forgery is in these lines,
See the adulterous metal shines,

With a curse upon its brow!
 Look at it, and sound it now!
 It seem'd but sport at morning mild,
 And they pursuing, like a child
 With feather'd prey his grasp inviting,
 Ever before his steps alighting;
 But in sad Destruction pale
 The City shall such sport bewail!
 Yea, tho' ye pray, and cry aloud,
 God turns from the abhorred land,
 And draws around Him the dark cloud
 From sacrilegious heart and gold defiled hand.

From line 696, "ἰθὺς δὲ λείοντα, to line 715, δόμοις περιστρέφει.

1.

There once was one
 Who rear'd a Lion from the breast,
 And took him for his household guest.
 Harmless he played in mimic strife
 In feats that presaged after life
 The children's sport—and well I ween
 Old age could smile upon the scene,
 When one would take him, like a child,
 Into his arms; or crouching wild
 The hand caressing he put by,
 With suppliant tail and glistening eye.

THE SACR

2.

But, lo, anon
He shews the hidden
And all the house is h
His foster friends he
Slays an unbidden gu
On flock and fold; a
The cherish'd inmate
Rapine and Slaughter
Where'er he goes; fo
The exactor he of wr
A slaughtering Priest

From line 727, Παλαιφάτος δ' ἐν
τίγμα

1.

'Twas said of yore, w
She never child-les
But in her fulness do
A multiplying brood
But, Truth, if I may
Apart from all with I
Some sacrilegious dee
Hath offspring, which th
But houses built with Rig
and fair.

2.

The Crime of old, which seem'd long dead
Lifts up again its head,
Again its destin'd moon it fills,
And giveth birth to mortal ills,
As aye advancing it grows worse
In the black chambers of the Curse,
It bears a nameless progeny,
Hating the light—not yet their form we see
But doubtless all too like their godless ances

3.

In smoky huts Justice shines bright,
Revering holy Right,
But her averted eyes doth hold
From hands defiled with sacred gold,
And towering walks unto the side
Where deeds of Holiness abide,
Nor honours Power which wealth may
Tho' falsely it be stamp'd with passing Pr
But unto the Great End she ordereth all her

THE SACRED

THE CORONATION ON A FAST

A people met with pomp of
To vest with shadows of anc
Yet leagued themselves to a
Who while e'en now the mo
Hedge with disloyal hearts l
And would supplant the Ch
With the bad lore of sacrileg
To celebrate with golden ord
The dread Anointing of the
While day by day the harass
From neighbouring halls, wit
Of power not from above, b
Deem it not thoughtless chan
It is the Ancient Witness ca

THE DAYS OF THE ROYAL MARTYR.

But where is now the galaxy that rose
 Round Charles's road to Heav'n? the twofold cord^b
 Of noble Derby, Lindsey, Hertford's Lord,
 Good Falkland, loyal Ormond, dread Montrose
 Writing *in his own blood* his master's woes^c;
 Huntley, great Winchester, brave Hopton's sword,
 Southampton, high-soul'd Capel? not in word,
 But valiant deed, the better part they chose:
 Smit by their love, with thoughts too big for praise,
 The heart beats high, in these inglorious days
 To be admitted to that sacred band,
 For that high cause in danger's eye to stand,
 Then most victorious when we share the chain,
 And deem that suffering our immortal gain.

^b The Earl and Countess.

^c Alluding to the well-known lines written by the Marquis on hearing of the King's murder, expressing his resolution to write
 "His epitaph in blood and wounds."

NOTES.

The Death of the Bishop of Moray, p. 191.

The following is the account of Bishop Jolly's death, as the writer of these lines received it from a friend at the time.

“ He had for years lived entirely alone, without
“ even a servant in the house. He usually rose at
“ four o'clock in the morning. He always kindled his
“ own fire, and made his own breakfast; some one
“ came in the middle of the day to cook his dinner,
“ and then went away. He had been warned again
“ and again that he would be found some morning
“ alone dead in his bed, and this he said was his great
“ study, to learn to die alone. At last he became so
“ very frail and feeble, that he suffered the young man,
“ who came in the day to wait on him, to sleep twice
“ or three times (viz. on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of
“ June) in the house. His understanding was as perfect as ever, at the age of 82, and he was reading the
“ new edition recently published of Sutton's ‘ Disce
“ mori.’ On the evening of the 28th, he felt rather
“ better, and being most intently occupied in the book,
“ did not wish to be disturbed, and again dispensed
“ with the kind offices of his companion, and would not
“ suffer him to sleep in the house. On his coming in
“ the evening to assist him to bed, the Bishop told him
“ to come again in an hour, as he wished to get on
“ with his book. At the expiration of the hour the

“ Bishop was still able, he thought, to go on, and was
“ very anxious, if possible, to finish it, and deferred
“ retiring yet another hour. He found himself how-
“ ever unable quite to conclude it, told his friend to
“ mark the place with the tape, and put the book in
“ its place, and then retired, telling him to come as
“ usual at seven in the morning. At the time appointed
“ he came, and, on opening the curtains, found a sight
“ which reminds one strongly of Izaak Walton’s ac-
“ count of Dr. Donne’s death. The good old man
“ was quite dead, he had been strong enough to close
“ his own eyes, and to draw a small white napkin
“ (which he had carefully kept under his pillow, and
“ which his attendant had observed, but without
“ guessing for what purpose, or venturing to ask)
“ over his face. He then must have crossed his hands
“ upon his breast, and stretched himself out, and
“ ‘fallen asleep’ without the slightest struggle. In
“ this state he was found on the morning of St. Peter’s
“ day, Friday, June 29, 1838. The ease and tran-
“ quillity of his departure must have been quite
“ extraordinary, the arms were placed in the most
“ careful way in the form of a cross, each hand laid
“ towards the opposite shoulder.—I have seen a number
“ of his letters, which are all characteristic of such a
“ primitive saint as he seems to have been.”

St. David’s, p. 193.

For an account of the present state of this Cathed-
dral, see a letter in the *Brit. Mag.* for Sept. 1838.





